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# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Domestic and Foreign News, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada. ]

## LIFE.

BY A. F. H.

Life, what is it? but a bubble,
Sailing down the sea of time,
Often wrecked by cares and trouble,
That its shores so thickly line.

To the poor and weary-hearted,
Life seems oft a weary load;
But to youth's light joyous spirit,
All seems bright along the road.

Gay flowers bloom around their pathway,
But they cannot see the thorns,
Till they pause to cull the beauties,
Which the path of life adorns.

Oft the deadly serpent lingers
Near the flowers of brightest hue;
Or, contagious ghastly spirit,
'Neath the sky of fairest blue.

Still, life hath its many blessings,
To the truly good and wise,
Who seek not their wrongs redressing,
Nor the ills of life despise.

To the meek and lowly-hearted,
Life seems oft a blissful dream,
Though its blessings have departed,
And they quaff of sorrow's stream.

Humbly bowing 'neath the chastening
Of the Hand that holds the rod,
Afflictions are disguised blessings
To the ones that trust in God.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

## SPRING.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON.

When the twilight's dusky fingers
Loose the burning zone of day,
And a misty radiance lingers
On the hill-tops far away.

When the shadows, softly creeping
Up the winding village street,
Pause, like some spent pilgrim, sleeping,
At the gray church tower's feet.

By my lonely fireside sitting,
Many an image sweet and rare,
Through my busy fancy flitting,
Charms the silent folding air.

I can almost hear the echo
Of the Spring's approaching feet;
See the bloom, and light and beauty,
That awake that sound to greet.

And the tears from some warm fountain
Drop, as drops the early rain;
Never shall my soul's lost May-time
Blossom into life again.

Softly, upon floor or ceiling,
Wavering shadows rise or fall,
And the tones of the departed
From their far-off dwelling call.

From the spring that never ceases,
From the home no change can shade,
And I wait my summons thither,
Joyful call—too long delayed.!

*April*, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

## "GIVEN BACK."

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

Watched we through the fever'd daylight,
O'er our stricken idol's bed,
Watched we through the hopeless midnight,
Counting every pulse that fled.

Fleeing fast with scorching fever,
"God in Heaven deign to hear!
We can yield him, never! never!
He, our only, and so dear!"

Still the fever burned and wasted,
Still the breath went fluttering fast,
Still we watched and still we waited,
Till the river should be passed.

But he lingers. Is it lifted?
Bounding hearts be still! be still!
Yes, the ebon cloud is rifted,
"Given back," our arms to fill.

"Given back!" Oh, bless the giver!
"Given back," our home to cheer,
Drawn away from that dark river,
Dare we call him still more dear?

Yes, we'll revel in the blessing
Given to our lowly home,
Never fearing, never guessing,
Of the sorrows that may come.

*New Buffalo, April*, 1861.

# ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

## UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONTINUED.]

### CHAPTER XIV.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted."—HOOD.

It was now the first of February, and winter's dominion over the earth was undisputed. The snow whirled dismally in the wind that whistled around the lonely gables of the Grange, and Margaret's heart was often filled with vague forebodings, for which she could give no account. Outward things at the mansion remained unchanged. Everything went on with clock-like regularity.

The children had become attached to their governess in a sort of negative, undemonstrative way, for they were not permitted to express their sentiments of like or dislike for any object. They were little puppets, subject to the will of the woman whom they called mother, but who never displayed aught of the warmth of a mother's love towards them. They learned rapidly, but they did not chat, as children will, when their lessons were over. Each one took the appropriated seat at the appropriated window; George read, and Lucy sewed as industriously as a woman. When sun-down came, there was a solemn walk several times up and down the dark corridor which ran from the main hall to the back building; then supper; and at nine, bed. This was the regular routine marked out by Mrs. Granville, and in which no variation whatever was made.

Mrs. Granville did not get acquainted, as we say in New England; she was gravely polite, but never familiar or confidential. Margaret was Miss Ross—the name by which she had signed her letter to her patron; and the lady herself expected to be designated by Mrs. Granville or Madam.

There were no visiters to the Grange; the servants were singularly reserved and quiet; not a word of gossip ever escaped their lips to find its way to the ear of the stranger in the house. They never went to the negro breakdowns and jubilees in the sparsely settled neighborhoods, and not a "melody" ever broke the dignified silence of the orderly kitchen.

Altogether, the Grange was a singular, if not mysterious house; and its inmates partook of the character of the place, as the lizard is colored by the substance over which he creeps. There was neither cheerfulness nor sociality about it; and at times Margaret would have preferred the old cottage at Cliff-Rock, with only the wild mountain winds for society, to the stately old Grange and its nunlike inhabitants.

The girl lived in the past, or the life she led would have been unbearable to one of her adventurous spirit. An idle, quiet existence, without aim or object, was ill suited to her; but, recalling other days, she was not miserable. She dropped many tears for her brothers, lost in the great deep; she enjoyed over again, in memory, the calm hours passed with her beloved father, and the few bright moments when she deemed herself blest with a true man's love! Of Adelaide she thought much; she longed inexpressibly for a glimpse of her sweet face, now glorified by happiness; and somehow, with the remembrance of all these dear ones, the face, voice and presence of Clyde Effingham was inexplicably blended.

Of Eugene Harrington she could think without a single regret. Her love for him was torn out of her heart, root and branch; she wished him well, nothing more. And when, in a newspaper, that through some means strayed to the isolated Grange, she read the notice of his marriage with Miss Monroe, she only smiled and said—

"So be it. Amen."

The words did not cost her a pang.

About the old Grange there was much to interest a lover of the curious. Antique paintings, heraldic devices on heraldic banners which must have been brought from over the sea; quaint mirrors in carved frames; rude candlesticks, and enigmatical boxes and caskets, littered the musty rooms from garret to cellar.

Margaret was allowed to range over the house at will, all the apartments were open to her except some half-a-dozen upper rooms in a ruined wing of the building, which, Mrs. Granville said, were closed on account of the unsafe and decayed condition of the floors. But Margaret cared little for these forbidden nooks; her whole curiosity was centered on something else.

Her chamber was in the north end of the Grange, with two windows looking towards the west. She had often wondered and regretted that there were no casements towards the north; the view from thence would have been exceedingly fine. One day, while searching for some lost article, she had occasion to go behind the bed; and in removing a heavy chair, she struck it against the wall. A hollow, reverberating sound instantly convinced her that the wall of her room was not the outer wall, as she had supposed; there must be a considerable space between the two. She went out into the corridor, and examined the termination, which was but a few paces beyond her door. There was a pile of solid masonry shutting off all investigation from that quarter, but Margaret noticed that the barrier looked newer than the rest of the wall and must have been erected some time after the formation of the other partitions. At the earliest opportunity she examined that portion of the Grange from the outside, and judging from the projection of the north wing, she concluded that there must be a closed-up space back of her chamber, at least twelve feet square. It was destitute of doors or windows; it had no inlet or outlet; for what should it exist? The girl's mind was alive with questions. She spoke of this mysterious apartment to Mrs. Granville. The lady frowned, and would have waived the subject entirely, but Margaret persisted.

"There is some old romance about this dark corner, madam, is there not?"

"Of course. Whoever knew of a house like this without its romance? I do not wish to fill your head with these idle tales; why force me to make you afraid of spectres and ghosts when there are none in existence?"

"But, Mrs. Granville, I am not afraid of anything which is not; so please tell me, if you can, why this place behind my chamber is walled in?"

"I know nothing of it, except by the silly tales of servants; there is an old legend which relates a dismal story of this mansion, and declares that the former master, having crazed his wife by his evil deeds, became enamored of a beautiful maiden whom he had adopted. In order to secure this maiden, he had his maniac wife walled into her room, every aperture stopped, and there she was left to perish. An idle story—think no more of it!"

"But the girl for whom this terrible crime was done—"

"I know no more! It is time for your pupils' lessons, Miss Ross!" And the stately dame swept from the room.

But notwithstanding the lightness with which Mrs. Granville seemed disposed to treat this story of the dark room, it dwelt strangely and continually in Margaret's memory. Sometimes, by night, she fancied she heard the shrieks of the maniac woman; and listened for the groans which must have rent that wretched bosom at the slow severing of the life-chords, there in that terrible charnel-house.

Margaret was not superstitious, but recently she had heard sounds during the night for which she could assign no reason. In the rooms in the third story, which were kept always locked, these voices and footsteps—for such they were—seemed to be; and hour after hour the governess lay awake, listening to the weird noises. She said nothing of this to Mrs. Granville; but as time passed away and these disturbances became more frequent, she grew restless and uneasy, and wished herself well clear of this mysterious old mansion.

One night in the early days of April, Margaret was kept up until after midnight by a difficult translation; and, it being a wild, windy night, she felt no inclination to sleep, so wrapping a shawl around her, she determined to set out the hours of darkness. The hall clock struck one, loudly and sororously, and almost simultaneously with the stroke, a startling scream burst over the stillness of the dwelling. The very walls and wainscots rang with it—

"Murder! *Murder!* MURDER!"

Instantly there was a heavy fall, in some of the rooms above; a stifled, gurgling groan rolled along the ceiling; a far away sigh; it might have been the rushing of the wind, swept the lonely echoes from their hiding-places.

Unheeding the time, the place, perhaps the danger, Margaret seized the lamp and dashed into the gallery. Everything was still and quiet as the grave. She ascended the stairs to the closed rooms above: she tried the different doors, all were fast; and unbroken silence reigned within. She went down to Mrs. Granville's bed-room. That lady was sleeping quietly; so, also, was Dinah, her maid. Evidently, to Margaret, no one had been disturbed but herself.

She returned to her chamber, bolted the door with a quivering hand entirely new to her, and flinging herself, dressed, upon the bed, she wore the night away in vain conjectures.

In the morning she sought an audience with Mrs. Granville, and revealed to her the events of the past night. The lady seemed strangely unaffected and indifferent to the matter, saying that one of the servants was subject to the night-mare, and often screamed in that manner. She had been up with her, herself, several times that winter. Miss Ross need labor under no fears, the somnambulist, though at times frantic, was easily subdued, and perfectly inoffensive.

Margaret, though offering no objection to this plausible solution of the mystery, was by no means convinced; and she felt more and more assured that there was some terrible secret about the Grange to which, as yet, she held no key. But from the night when she had heard that horrible cry, she had kept old Tiger constantly in her room, for Margaret wisely feared the living more than the dead.

A week passed away quietly enough, and one morning at breakfast, Mrs. Granville announced her intention of going, the next day, to Lynchburg, to make her spring purchases for the household. Jack, the butler, was getting too careless to be trusted, and the ride would do her good. She should carry the children, and take with her the coachman, her maid, Dinah, and Cora, the sleep-walker. Jack would ride on before the carriage, to see to the condition of the numerous fords, which the rains must have swollen; and only Sam, the stable boy, and Bess, the chambermaid, would remain at the Grange.

Mrs. Granville would be absent at least three nights; her business could not be done in less time; but Margaret need apprehend no danger; the country was quiet, and the two servants who would be left behind were faithful.

Little affection as Margaret entertained for Mrs. Granville, she felt a strange thrill of discontent at her projected journey. Even the presence of one woman of her own color in the house had seemed some protection; but Margaret was no craven, and as she could offer no objection to her going, she did her best to assist her patroness in her preparations.

It was a cloudy day, threatening rain, but Mrs. Granville insisted on setting out; and Margaret stood at the hall door and watched the carriage out of sight.

### CHAPTER XV.

TIGER'S TACTICS.

"Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast settled on thy stony heart."
SHAKSPEARE.

The night set in thick with rain and mist, and the wind howled around the desolate Grange like a conquered, caged wild beast.

Margaret retired to her chamber at sunset, and, seated in an arm-chair before the fire, she occupied herself with a book. Tiger lay on a lounge behind the beaufet, his head on his fore paws, his ears elevated in an attitude of listening.

The door of the room was securely locked; the casements were fastened; everything was made safe and snug.

There was a sligat sound in the direction of the corridor; Tiger raised himself on his fore legs and growled. Margaret silenced him by a word. Again the noise was renewed; there was the click of a key in the lock, the door swung softly open, and a figure entered. Instantly the portal was closed and fastened, and the intruder stood face to face with Margaret.

The girl never spoke or moved, but remained seated, with her eyes fixed on the unexpected visiter.

"Well, why don't you greet an old friend, my pretty Margaret?" said a deep voice in her ear, and a pair of fierce dark eyes burned over her face. She was colorless as a statue quarried from marble, but she did not tremble.

"A friend! An honorable friend of your sex would not insult me by entering my room thus! How dare you commit this outrage?"

"So! the old spirit is alive yet! How dare I? I dare it by the right of a victor! Sweet Margaret, how came you in this deserted part of the world?"

"That is none of your concern, sir!"

"Ha! so it isn't, perhaps, since I was the means of bringing you here! You start; for once the rock is vulnerable. You did not guess to whom you were indebted for this most agreeable situation of governess to two charming brats! You did not deem Carl Anderson so true a friend!"

"Sir!"

"To explain, then," he seated himself on an ottoman which he had drawn to her side, "I am in good mood to-night, having my prize secure, and I do not mind telling you something of my skill in conspiracy. If I had lived in the days of Queen Elizabeth I should have, no doubt, been her privy counseller. But you are impatient; I will come to the point at once. I loved you some time ago, and like an honest man I told you so. You scorned me; your brother tried to murder me. Pistol balls did not do the job, however, or I had not been here to-night. I tried many schemes to win you, all of which, through some devilish ill-luck, proved abortive. I studied long on this governess plan. I read your nature aright, when I guessed that it was not of a metal to endure charity. I paid a hundred dollars for having that precious advertisement inserted in two papers only, one of which I sent to you, the other I retained for myself. Mrs. Granville was my decoy duck. The two interesting little orphans were from the alms-house, and many a drubbing did they undergo before they would be made to call Mrs. Granville 'mother.' Well planned, wasn't it, my dearest? And for arranging everything so nicely, you shall give me a kiss!"

"Mr. Anderson, you will oblige me by leaving the room." Margaret's courage and firmness did not for a moment forsake her.

"Ha! ha! but that is too good! As if I would quit you when I have labored so hard to get into your presence! The coast is cleared of all disagreeable intruders; I have sent the old woman and the brats to Lynchburg; the two *faithful* servants—aye, they are as faithful to me as gold can make them—are now far on the way to a dance over the mountains; but I am here, my little deceived darling, I am here to keep you company. Come, let's make up old disagreements, and be social, as friends should."

She arose, went to the door, and tried the lock. He leaned back and laughed.

"No escape that way, my dear, I have both keys in my pocket, thank the gods!"

"And I have the third key in my pocket, thank the gods!" returned Margaret, applying it to the lock as she spoke.

He rushed towards her, and threw his arms around her waist.

"You do not serve me that trick!" he cried with a horrible oath.

Margaret spoke but one word—her eyes fixed on the dog, which had seemed profoundly sleeping throughout this little episode, "Come!"

"Curse the brute! I had forgotten him!" cried the man, as the dog's teeth fastened in his throat, for like a panther Tiger had sprung from his lair at the sound of Margaret's voice. It was a terrific struggle. Margaret, with folded arms, leaned against the wall and watched its progress. The dog was strong and powerful; the man was athletic, and used to hard knocks.

For a long time it was doubtful which would vanquish—both seemed determined to fight to the death. Anderson, hard pressed, drew a knife from a side pocket, and plunged it into the shoulder of the beast. The blood spirted red and hot from the wound, but Tiger never flinched or slackened his hold.

That terrible tearing of human flesh and muscle was fearful to behold, but Margaret gazed calmly on the work, for each gnash of the dog's teeth was a step towards her freedom. She might have fled and left Tiger to the mercy of the man, to die alone, but she scorned thus to reward the efforts of this faithful friend.

At last there was a perceptible advantage gained by the determined brute. Anderson fell to the floor, covered in blood, the dog still clinging to his throat. There was a brief struggle, then the man lay still, and Margaret called the dog to her side, and wrapped her arms around him.

"Tiger! my deliverer!" she laid her cheek on his neck, and wept for joy.

Then, without waiting to see if Anderson were dead or alive, she snatched up a shawl, and followed by Tiger, made her way speedily from the Grange.

The night was dark and full of terrors, she knew nothing of the treacherous roads, now soaked and yielding from the heavy rains; but she would dare anything rather than remain an hour longer in that accursed house.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THROUGH THE DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

All that night Margaret wandered on, she knew not whither. She staunched the wound of poor Tiger with her handkerchief, and bound it up with a piece of cotton torn from the skirt of her dress.

At the extent of her ability she hurried along, not daring to think to what danger she might be hastening. Down hills, through deep valleys, across shallow creeks she went; the gloom of the night prevented anything like a direct course, but if she could go on, on, away from that dreadful Grange, she hardly cared whither her journey might lead her. She could not fall into worse hands than those from which she had but just escaped.

At last the morning dawned, wild and wet, but it was the blessed daylight. Margaret climbed a rock, and gazed around her. The Grange was nowhere visible; she recognized nothing familiar, save, to the far west, the tall summits of the Peaks of Otter.

"Thank heaven for that!" she said to herself, and old Tiger wagged his tail, and seemed to echo the words by his joyful bark. Better perish of hunger, or be devoured by wild beasts in the wilderness, than go back to that shelter.

A low country, lying along the banks of a river, spread out before her; a country of thrifty plantations and substantial farm-houses, at distant intervals. Throughout the whole forenoon she travelled on, shunning every human face, lest it might belong to some creature subject to Carl Anderson's will. Towards night, faint from fasting, and weary with walking, she ventured to stop and rap at the door of a neat cottage, on the outskirts of a large plantation. A smart-looking negro woman opened the door.

"I am tired and hungry," said Margaret, frankly, "will you let me come in and rest?"

"Deed, missis, we entertains none but spectable people here! We is free niggers of the hairystockracy, and has nothing to do with white folks in tattered gowns!"

So she shut the door in the suppliant's face. Margaret walked on until she met an aged negro returning from the fields, and addressing him, she inquired the distance to Lynchburg. He stared at her, stared at the bandaged neck of the dog; and she repeated her question. He said it was more than five miles behind, but she was on the wrong road.

All the better, the less was the danger of pursuit, she thought, and held on her way. She was destitute of money, and people did not seem very charitable; perhaps she had better not try to get a lodging that night. So when darkness overtook her in a low growth of bushes, she spread her shawl on the ground, commended herself to God, and laying down soon fell asleep. She was awakened by the sound of voices near her. She listened, and from the tenor of the discourse learned that the voices belonged to a couple of runaway slaves. Trembling at this new terror, she held her breath, and with her hand over Tiger's mouth, to hinder him from growling, she awaited in fear their departure from her neighborhood. They remained seated on the ground at a little distance, during a full hour; and then, to Margaret's relief, they skulked away towards the river. She arose, and ran in the opposite direction as long as her strength held out, and then she kept on her way without stopping until sunrise.

By this time the pangs of hunger became almost insupportable, but for herself she could have borne the suffering patiently. Tiger's eager wistful gaze cut her to the heart; and for him she would beg. She stopped at the first house to which she came, and asked for a piece of bread. It was given her without comment. She took one mouthful, and bestowed the rest on the grateful dog.

All that day she toiled steadily on. At nightfall she began to dread the horrors of another bed in the wilderness, and with a thousand nameless terrors at her heart, she knocked at the hall-door of a handsome mansion, a few rods back from the carriage road. She asked to see the mistress. There was no mistress, the servant said. The master, then.

She was conducted to a splendidly furnished room, occupied by a half-dozen young men in sporting costume. The master of the house sat in an arm chair smoking. Margaret advanced towards him, and, blushing painfully at the audacious gaze of the gentlemen, inquired if there was not a seamstress wanted in the family. The man laughed, and glanced at her torn dress.

"Not one who carries about with her so conspicuous a specimen of her skill!" he said, with a sneer; at which piece of witticism his companions laughed loudly, and one of them made some remark so insulting that the blood burned Margaret's cheek for hours afterward.

How she got out of the house she did not know; but she was out, and a mile or more away, before she permitted herself to think on her situation.

Another night without shelter seemed inevitable, and she was just going to resign herself to the breast of mother earth, when she perceived at the distance of a few yards, a byre or rude barn, probably erected for the storage of grain. It was far from any habitation, and its roof would afford some protection against the heavy night dews. She hastened on, entered the dark building, and to her joy found it pretty full of dried grass. This offered her a comfortable couch, and upon it she laid down with a heart swelling with gratitude for even this favor.

She arose in the morning, somewhat refreshed by sleep, but almost agonized by the cries of nature for food. Poor Tiger's hungry eyes distressed her; the patient, mute endurance of the faithful dog was affecting to witness.

Something must be done. In a land of plenty, a human being should not die for want of food. At mansion after mansion Margaret called, asking employment; she would do even the most menial work; she would shrink at nothing that would procure her bread. Her offers were rejected sometimes with scorn, always with coldness; they had servants in plenty in whom trust could be placed.

Wearied and almost despairing, Margaret turned away from the last of these pitiless people, and striking into the forest by the roadside, she went on at random, without thought or purpose. She felt strangely—her head swam—her limbs trembled beneath her weight. She had heard it said that, sometimes, persons who were kept without food for a long period were crazed, and a dismal fear oppressed her. She dreaded loss of reason more than death.

She reached a wide creek; it could be crossed only by fording; she folded up her dress, and made the attempt. She went beyond her depth, the water closed over her, she thought that at last her trials were over. But Tiger sprang after her, and drew her to the shore by his teeth.

Wet and exhausted she toiled on. The dog saw a squirrel cross his path; he rushed after it and captured it with savage glee. Instead of satisfying his own hunger, he brought the little beast to Margaret, and laid it at her feet; and by his plaintive cries seemed to entreat her to partake of the unsavory repast. It looked strangely tempting to the famished girl, that uncooked, bloody bit of flesh, but Tiger needed it more than she. He was her protector; his life was, perhaps, necessary to her own, since she could hardly exist without his watchful care. So she gave the squirrel back to him. He looked at her wistfully a moment, and then devoured it at a mouthful.

Regaining the high road by a winding path, for a mile further Margaret went forward. Again the sun was nearing the western hills. Another day was dying, a peaceful, beautiful death. Margaret's strength grew less and less; she took a few steps totteringly and weak, and then sinking down on a knoll, by the roadside, she buried her face in her hands. Tiger lay motionless at her feet, his eyes fixed mournfully upon her; his gaunt frame at full length on the soft turf.

The sun went down, the dews fell, the moon came out from the eastern deep, and still Margaret never stirred. She looked calmly into the domain of death; looked without shuddering. Those dear to her were already there; their white hands beckoned her from the farther shore. She was glad to go to them, and yet life was sweet, and earth beautiful. She raised her head and cast a lingering glance backward—a hungry glance which took in the wide stretch of country, meadow and woodland, plantation and distant blue river.

Again her face was covered; the struggle with mortality was over. She prayed to God.

The rumbling of wheels smote the air, but Margaret did not even listen; what could the sound matter to her? Tiger sprang up, and uttering a joyful bark, dashed down the road. The carriage, for it was a carriage, stopped opposite the kneeling woman, and a gentleman alighting, went up to the still figure.

A gentle hand lifted the drooping head; but no sooner had the eyes of the stranger fallen on the face of the girl, than he caught her in his arms.

"God of heaven!" he cried, with anguished emotion, "to find you thus, Margaret!"

She raised her weary eyes at the sound of that voice; it seemed as if new life came back to her. Clyde Effingham's arm upheld her; his presence strengthened her. From him she feared nothing; her trust in him was perfect.

"You have come to save me?" she said, interrogatingly.

"Yes, to save you, if you need salvation;" he was carrying her towards the coach. "You are pale and thin, my child, tell me what has made you so?" He spoke to her tenderly and soothingly, as one might to a sorrowing babe.

"I am starving! that is all!"

"Starving! starving! and in a Christian country! And almost within the call of those who love you so well!"

He was strongly agitated, and unconsciously he pressed her closely to his side. She blushed painfully, and essayed to support herself, but her strength was gone, and she reeled against the side of the carriage. Mr. Effingham placed her upon the seat, and springing in himself, bade the coachman drive with all speed to the nearest house, that of a Mr. Wilton, a mile away.

"Stop for poor Tiger!" Margaret cried, imploringly, not unmindful of this dumb friend.

"True! I had forgotten him!" he took the dog into the vehicle, and the brute crept to Margaret's side, and laying his head on her hand, gave vent to a low, joyful whine.

There was nothing said during the ride; Clyde's arm supported the girl's head, her eyes were closed wearily, but his dwelt sadly on her white, wasted face.

A few moments brought them to Mr. Wilton's. Clyde, unheeding the wondering gaze of the servants, bore Margaret through the hall, into a parlor, and laid her on a sofa. A mild, benevolent-looking lady arose on his entrance, and when he had put down his burden he addressed her—

"Madam, I am Clyde Effingham, of New Hampshire, the brother of Mrs. Wheaton, of Richmond. This young lady is suffering from want of food and from weariness. Do for her that which your judgment may suggest, while I go for a physician."

Mrs. Wilton was a true-hearted woman, and possessed of charity boundless as the heavens. The sweet face of Margaret, haggard and wan though it was, won her sympathy at once; and she had her conveyed to a chamber and put in a bath; and when she was comfortably in bed, food in small quantities was administered.

Tiger fed and his wound dressed by an old negro who prided himself on his surgical skill, was allowed to come up and sit on a chair by his mistress' bedside, at which mark of favor he testified his gratitude in enthusiastic barks.

The doctor, when he arrived, found little to do; rest and quiet, he prescribed, and plenty of wholesome food.

Margaret soon fell into a deep sleep, watched by kind Mrs. Wilton, and she did not awake until long after sunrise next morning. Her first inquiry was for Clyde; he was waiting below for news of her, Mrs. Wilton said. Margaret would arise and be dressed, and then, leaning on the lady's arm, she descended to the parlor.

Mr. Effingham met her with gentle kindness; he inquired after her health, and being told that she was almost well, he asked her if she thought she could ride forty miles that day.

"I could if I rode for a purpose," she replied.

"Well, then, you shall judge if the incentive be sufficient. Adelaide Wheaton is at Scottsville, forty miles distant, waiting for you."

"Oh, let me go to her immediately!" she cried, starting up, "I could ride an hundred leagues to see the face of a friend! I so long for the sight once more!"

He looked at her reproachfully—"A friend's face, Miss Rossmont? I infer from your language that mine is not included in that class, then?"

"Your pardon, sir," Margaret wished to speak plainly for once, "you must remember the vast difference in your station and mine, sir. You can claim your friends from among those whom the world delights to honor."

Mr. Effingham smiled. That smile softened away all his sternness, transfigured his whole face.

"But you call Adelaide your friend, and her station is fully equal to mine own. Why make the distinction?"

"Adelaide is a woman!"

"And I am a man! so you give him no credit for having the honesty to dispose of his friendship as his heart dictates? You think him incapable of acting in defiance of the world's opinion and his own ambition! You think him false, selfish and heartless! But enough of this! If you can ride, you shall see Adelaide to-day."

He was cold and stern again. Margaret approached him and held out her hand.

"Mr. Effingham, if I wronged you, forgive me. I had thought that one honored like you with the esteem of the rich and great, would not care to own the friendship of a homeless, desolate girl!"

His hand folded hers up warmly—"Trust me, Margaret!" he said, "trust me! and time shall convince you of your error!"

Much against the wishes of good, hospitable Mrs. Wilton, the travellers set out immediately after breakfast for Scottsville. They went on quietly, talking little, until within about six miles of their destination. Then Clyde came over and sat down by the side of Margaret.

"Miss Rossmont," he said, "how did you suppose I happened to find you, yesterday?"

"It was accidental, of course."

"Eor once you are wrong. I came to seek you. Circumstances made it necessary that you should be found. I traced you by means of a certain old newspaper, which I found in your room at the Villa some weeks after your departure. It seems that I was right when I guessed that you had gone to Mrs. L. M. G. to toil as a governess?"

"Yes, you were right."

"And you were not content there?"

She shook her head without speaking.

"Well, one thing is certain; you will not go back! But why don't you inquire what circumstances made it necessary to seek you? You would like to know?"

"Yes, but I am waiting until you see fit to tell me."

"Margaret Rossmont," he took her hand, and leaned down over her, "you have borne sorrow, can you bear joy?"

"I am not likely to be tried!" she said, sadly.

"You are. And now, that I can withhold the tidings no longer, prepare yourself for a great shock, but a shock which once over will make you happier."

She grew rather pale, her hand closed round his fingers with tenacity, she sought support.

"Yes, I am prepared!"

"Margaret, before you hear my revelation, give thanks unto God, who watches over His sparrows; give thanks unto Him for the joy which cometh in the morning!"

She lifted her eyes—"God of the fatherless, for whatever mercy Thou art about to vouchsafe to me, I render Thee my gratitude!"

"Margaret Rossmont, your brothers, Ralph and William, still live!" he said the words slowly and distinctly, every letter seemed strangely audible to the listener. Her great, dark eyes searched his face with wild anxiety.

"Say it again, Clyde Effingham!" she cried, hoarsely, "I must look in your face to read your truth!"

He swept back the hair from his brow, and repeated the words.

She sank on her knees, and burying her face in the cushions of the carriage, wept wildly the tears of a joy too great for words. He allowed her emotion full sway, and when she grew calmer, he lifted her up, and related to her in minute detail what we must give the reader in a few sentences.

The "Red Lion" had, indeed, been wrecked off the De Verde Islands, but Ralph and William were picked up by a Mexican galleon bound for the Indies. On account of the bad weather, the captain of this vessel could not put into harbor with the rescued brothers, and they were obliged to go in the galleon to India.

Their cruel sufferings while on board the Red Lion, their startling adventures during the succeeding cruise, would amply fill a volume, but we pass these particulars by for the present.

A fortnight previous to Mr. Effingham's encounter with Margaret in the wilderness, the brothers had arrived safely in Norfolk. An accidental meeting in a hotel had revealed their identity to Clyde Effingham; and without ceremony, he had proceeded to inform them of the little he knew of their sister's fate. He was on his way to visit Adelaide at Richmond, but he did not reveal either to Ralph and William, or to Margaret herself, the main object of his journey to the South. The reader may guess at this, when he learns that Mr. Effingham insisted on leaving the returned soldiers at his sister's house in Richmond, while he himself, with faith in the newspaper direction of the governess advertisement, set forth for Western Virginia to discover the lost Margaret. How he succeeded is already known.

It was evening when our travellers reached Scottsville, whither Adelaide's impatience had taken her, to await the coming of her friend. The meeting of this noble-hearted woman with Margaret was what might have been expected from the character of both. Warm, passionate and affecting.

Margaret had not expected to see her brothers that night, but she was disappointed. Ralph and William were already there, and when Adelaide had finished kissing and embracing the returned wanderer, she led her to the door of a side parlor.

"Go in there," she said, "your brothers are waiting for you."

The interview between these long parted relatives took place without witnesses; it was too affectingly sacred for any stranger eyes to behold. Ralph held his sister to his breast the longest; William lavished most tender epithets upon her. And with the demonstrations of both she was satisfied.

At Scottsville the party spent the night, and the next day they all proceeded to Captain Wheaton's residence in Richmond, where they met with a cordial welcome from the gallant captain.

Margaret was alternately reproached, chidden, and blessed, for having left Elmwood Villa so abruptly; for Adelaide said if she had never gone away, they would not have known the joy of this meeting.

Adelaide told her how long and unwearedly they had sought her; how Clyde had ridden hundreds of miles in search of some trace of her; how she, herself, had wept for her; how little Percy had mourned for his kind "aunty," and how the whole world generally had been clothed in sackcloth for the departure of Margaret Rossmont from her adopted home.

Then Margaret was pressed to relate all that had befallen her since Christmas eve, and when she had finished, loud was the indignation of the company against Carl Anderson. Ralph swore a terrible revenge on his former friend; Clyde's brow grew dark; Captain Wheaton sent him emphatically to Davy Jones, Esq., but Margaret said, "Leave him with God!"

Tiger came in for a bountiful share of attention; and judging by the expression of content which rested on his canine countenance, he considered himself fully worthy of all the honor conferred.

### CHAPTER XVII.

DAYS OF WAITING.

"I never sought
With eagerness, as others seek in vain,
The phantom, Happiness; for I was taught,
When young, it dwelt not in this world."
PERCIVAL.

Two years glided peacefully away. Margaret Rossmont passed those years at a school in Philadelphia, where she had been placed by her brother, Ralph, who occupied an honorable post in the army department at Washington.

William Rossmont was a confidential clerk in the heavy importing house of Percy Wheaton, who had renounced his former adventurous calling, for the peaceable trade of a merchant.

St. James Effingham, the father of Clyde, had gone quietly to his grave, mourned deeply by his children, and wept by the poor—in his later days—he had fed and cared for. Clyde dwelt with his housekeeper and servants, at Elwood Villa. He was a close student still, and seldom found time to visit his sister at Richmond. He had settled down into a confirmed bachelor, the ladies said regretfully; and yet they did not seem to think his thirty years had made his heart invulnerable from the manner in which they schemed to obtain it.

Did Margaret bear this brother of her friend in remembrance? Very likely, since the chance mention of his name made her start and tremble, and the memory of his last kind words brought the blood to her face in guilty crimson.

In these two years Margaret Rossmont had greatly changed. Her form had grown fuller and stronger; her cheek had taken a more perfect contour; her eyes had caught a light of steady brilliancy from the quiet life she had lived.

Early in August, the examination of the school took place, and Margaret was discharged with honor and emoluments.

The twenty-third of September would make her twenty-one years of age; and on that day, according to her father's wishes, she was to unseal the packet which contained the history of her parents. Throughout everything, she had kept this treasured bundle always with her; and as the time drew near for her to make herself acquainted with its secrets, she grew strangely restless. She feared something which would break the charm of quiet which had enthralled her—she dreaded a nameless phantom which would lead her again through troubled valleys.

To Wheaton Lodge she had been bidden to spend the autumn, and when her days at school were over; her brother, William, came to escort her thither. Adelaide was delighted at the prospect of having her friend once more under her roof; little three years' old Percy clapped his baby hands and shouted for joy.

Margaret had been a week at the Lodge, when, one sunny afternoon, the door opened into the room where she was sitting with Adelaide, and Clyde Effingham entered. He embraced Adelaide, kissed Percy, and gave his hand to Margaret.

For the succeeding fortnight it was very gay at Wheaton Lodge. There were parties and social dinners; and the family went much abroad among the aristocracy of Richmond.

A new star had recently arisen on society there. A widow of fifteen months, a wildly beautiful woman, brilliant and talented beyond compare. Men raved of her unrivalled charms, and women grew jealous with hearing so much in her praise.

At an evening assembly, Margaret met this syren. It needed but one glance at the magnificent figure and superb head, to tell that this peerless queen of hearts was the woman for whom Eugene Harrington had broken his vows to another.

And she was a widow! Remembering this, Margaret shed some tears for the man she had once loved—now dead; and in all probability they were the truest drops which fell over his early departure.

Then, Margaret did not know the dark tale of crime which after years told to the ear of the world—of the crime of the wife, who, madly jealous of her husband's devotion to an old love, had, in an evil hour, forgotten the curse of God upon the follower of Cain, and sent the unfaithful one to a grave of blood! Alas! for Eugene Harrington! also for the guilty wife! Found guilty after the voice of her victim had cried from the earth for justice for a score of years! Found guilty when the gray hair of age had crowned her brow, and her children's children clustered about her knee! Found guilty, and borne to a prison, from whence her own hand severed the thread of life, and set her free!

Enough! It is a black stain of foulest guilt upon these pages, and we pass it briefly over.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Harrington recognized Margaret at once, and her old hatred of the girl arose, and grew strong again. But she saw the mountain maiden now, under the protection of wealthy and powerful friends; she was an adept at the art of dissimulation, and her voice was soft and sweet in addressing Margaret, and the hand with which she clasped the girl's was like silken velvet.

But Margaret was not deceived. The cloven foot glanced from beneath the fringe of the velvet robe; the head of the serpent stirred the bed of flowers which courtesy spread over his treacherous folds.

Mrs. Harrington was pleased with the admiration of all men, but that of Clyde Effingham she yearned for inexpressibly. He was so cold—so frigidly polite to her—never seeming to notice her royal beauty—disregarding all her blandishments—that her vanity was piqued to win his attention. She exerted all her powers of fascination, and, to her intense satisfaction, she produced an evident change in his manner towards her.

And Margaret saw his infatuation with a trembling heart. It seemed that this woman was doomed to always come between her and the little light which fate would shed on her pathway.

Adelaide, also, witnessed the change in her brother, and spoke to him on the subject. He laughed. "Mrs. Harrington is wealthy, accomplished and beautiful," he said in reply. "Why should not I have such a wife?"

"Ah, but for all this, I like not the expression of her countenance; and you cannot have forgotten it was she who came and stole away Margaret's lover?"

Clyde remembered; but his attentions to the charming widow became more marked than ever, and their marriage was regarded as a settled thing by observers.

One morning Clyde came upon Margaret alone in the conservatory. She had a crimson dahlia in her hand. He remarked on its beauty. Margaret replied—

"It is a queenly flower; but I do not love it as I do the simple rose or the modest pink; it lacks fragrance—the soul of a bloss

# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 1, 1861.


## PRIVATEERS.

If any doubt remained as to the duty of the Government at Washington, to call out forces and put down the Southern rebellion, it would be the act of Jefferson Davis in proclaiming a war, or rather inaugurating piracy upon the high seas, against all the peaceful and unarmed commerce of the Northern States. Whether American vessels have actually been seized in the ports of Texas or not, there is no doubt that the Southern Confederacy is about to do what they are able in the privateering line. The whole of this system is, even when conducted by regular and established Governments, duly recognized and acknowledged so nearly akin to piracy, and so utterly at variance with all the principles of modern warfare, as to have been discarded by the most enlightened European nations as behind the age. It was offered to be discarded by our own Government a few years ago on certain conditions, which in this case have not been and would not be violated by the Government at Washington. Yet in face of all this, the Montgomery Confederacy, without reserve, and without conditions, exercises one of the greatest iniquities of the most irregular war.

It so happens, however, that the precautions of Mr. Seward, in refusing *any sort* of acknowledgment or reception of the Confederate Commissioners, places this privateering in the most unquestionable rank of piracy, in the eyes of our own nation and of the whole civilized world, seeing that not a nation has yet acknowledged them. Every man taken in such work will assuredly be hung by our Admiralty Court, if indeed every such vessel and crew are not at once sunk as a nest of vipers by the shot of our vessels of war. Such is now the state of public feeling, that vessels at the North will not be engaged in this business. But it is quite possible that the few vessels which the South have or can seize, may be converted into pirates of this sort, and attempt to way-lay our California steamers with their gold dust, and thus replenish the emptied coffers of the Charleston or New Orleans Banks. These California vessels will mostly be able to give a good account of themselves if attacked, and by carrying one or two rifled cannon, will not fail to sink all such vessels when they show themselves.

The great danger and difficulty are not the captures which will actually be made, but the constant alarm of our merchant vessels, the extra rates of insurance, and the stoppage of commerce. Of course this sort of effort on the part of the conspirators, will render it at once imperative on the part of our Government rigorously to blockade every Southern port. It may not be necessary to stop foreign vessels entering, and the duties may even be collected or papers signed from on board of our ships if necessary, but to see that no privateers go out or come, is the first of all duties of the Government. So far the policy of our Government has been most markedly not to attack or injure any private or State property, but at most, simply to maintain itself in its own forts ceded by the State. But if in return for this forbearance, not only are our forts to be seized, and our vessels of war to be fired upon, but all private property on the high seas and in every part of the globe to be liable to become the prey of banditti, a state of exasperation will arise in the breasts of our citizens, the ultimate effect of which will be ruinous upon the South and Southern property and institutions. The South will have to recede from such barbarous ground as this at once, and the sooner the better for their own sakes and for our common humanity.

## KEEPING OPEN THE COMMUNICATIONS.

The hour has come when not to be friendly to the Government is to be inimical and at war with it. The conduct of the authorities of Baltimore and Maryland deceives no one. It has deceived the North too long. Whatever the motives claimed for Governor Hicks may be, his acts show that he is either playing into the hands of the secessionists, or else weak in a situation where to be weak is to be wicked. By his proclamation that no more troops should pass through Maryland, under the pretext of the border States remaining neutral, he has given countenance to the revolutionists who are endeavoring to cut off all communication with the seat of Government. He should have suffered himself to be held as prisoner of war—he should have called on the Washington Government for aid, but he should have died a martyr rather than have put his hand to any such declaration. His proclamation is a violation of his oath to support the Constitution of the United States, which expressly commits the Government and determination of how U. S. troops shall be managed, and when they shall go to the President and not to him. His proclamation is an act of treason. For the Government, it is a military necessity at this moment to keep up the most perfect line of communication with its own resources free, open, and uninterrupted, and all attempts from whatever quarters to impede this, is hostility against one of the mildest Governments that ever existed. What may be the easiest and best way to arrange these communications it is for the Government to determine, but whatever that determination is, it is for the Union-loving people that are in Maryland to support it. Those who do not give such support, and pretend to be Union-loving, are as in imical as the rankest of these Government rebels, and will have to take the consequences most deservedly. A very little exertion from them, and organization in defence of the capital, and the Government would far more than neutralize the organization of the the enemies of the Government who surround them.

It is now time for all men North and South, to open their eyes fully to the struggle before them. The revolutionists are haters of the North and its free institutions, who make up, as they think and hope, by the intensity of their feelings and the military discipline for lack of numbers, and absolutely hope to destroy the capital, break up the government, capture the President or murder him, and out of the relics and ruins of one of the most glorious of Republics construct an aristocracy and a despotism. While they have been perfecting their military arrangements, we have been too much afraid of seeming to interfere with liberty to be sufficiently vigorous with ours. The whole North is now united as it never was before, and soon we shall be in a condition of defence that nothing can shake. With our communication with the Capital open and protected, we shall be prepared for any movement hereafter advisable.

To protect the communications with Philadelphia and Harrisburg, but about a hundred miles would have to be guarded, with a force say of a hundred men to a mile, properly arranged to concentrate as required. This force of ten thousand men should also keep up the line of telegraph, enabling them to communicate along the whole line. Telegraph wires should be kept in readiness for accidents. Pontoon bridges that can carry horses and artillery and steam carriages should be made and kept at every creek and crossing, and supplies of flying artillery should be brought up.

But farther, Union men in Maryland fear the revolutionists of Virginia and the South bringing retribution, but they do not fear the retribution of, so far, the law-abiding Unionists. Hence the counties where outrages occur and bridges are blown up must be held *to a strict accountability*. The true men must defeat the schemes of the rebels by making them known, or be made to turn out all their forces *and rebuild* the bridges instantly.

SOUTHERN SURPRISE AT THE NORTHERN UPRISING.—The Mobile Register (which resisted secession at first, but afterwards went into it with a will, and its editor, Mr. Forsyth, was one of the last Southern Commissioners at Washington,) having heard that Mr. Douglas, Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Cass and Mr. Buchanan support the government, says:

"Here is a representative man of every shade of Northern conservatism. We confess that this confidence and simultaneousness of action on the part of men who are wider apart by their antecedents than even by their places of residence, takes us surprise. We endeavor in vain to explain it by the supposition that these gentlemen consider Lincoln's proclamation a declaration of war between country and country, in which they are not as loyal citizens permitted to select sides according to their own convictions as to the justice of the war. Were this the explanation, why this hot haste—why the endorsement of the justice or constitutionality of the war? We are then forced to the conclusion that the whole public mind of the North has been suddenly seized with one of those manias by which Providence sometimes smites an entire people."

That is just it. The "mania" which "has seized the public mind of the North," is the determined loyalty which exists in the heart of the Northern masses towards the government under whose protection they enjoy the rights of freemen. They were slow to believe that any hand was base enough to attempt to overthrow this glorious structure, the foundation of their liberties. Now, satisfied of the fact, there is but one sentiment among them, and that is the devotion of their lives to the perpetuity of their government. What the Register regards as a "mania," is the spirit of liberty thoroughly aroused, and which will not be allayed again till this great rebellion is crushed and the treason which underlies it is expelled from the land. If Providence has smitten our entire people with a "mania," it is the only act which could save the country from the great treachery which sought its overthrow.

THE NEW JERSEY TROOPS are not yet able to march. The first regiment, it is said, will be off the last of this week. A second regiment is forming.

BUNTING NOT TO BE HAD.—The demand for Union flags, all over the North, has been so great that bunting cannot be procured to make them.

## AGRICULTURE AND WAR.

So many of our young men from the country are rushing to the war that, without attention being called to the fact, there would be considerable danger of a less breadth of corn being put into the ground than usual in many of the agricultural districts. Let it be berne in mind that in every town and village, from Maine to Pennsylvania, and thence to Kansas, at every telegraph and at every railroad station, the news of the shots fired on our flag at Fort Sumter, the probable attack on our seat of government at Washington, and the treacherous attack on unarmed men at Baltimore, have produced a union and an intensity of feeling unheard of in our history. Rumors fly faster than the wind, and men congregate and talk, and ministers in the pulpits preach, and lawyers on the stump speak, until now, what with raising flags and doing homage to the troops as they pass or taking leave of those who go, men think of nothing but the part they and their friends are to take in the coming struggle.

Even the weather of the last few days so propitious to the farmer after the long continued cold, has not at all sensibly lessened this excitement. The very best men at plowing and all farming, literally leave their plows in the field, and sometimes leave their wives and children without leave, and join their companies and go. Those who remain, talk of nothing, and dream of nothing, if they are fortunate enough to sleep at all, but the coming contest. Half the time of those who stay is thus consumed, and the best season for preparing the land and planting the potato crop is thus being lost. We rejoice in all the depth of feeling and unanimity which is thus educed.

It is thus, however, that in all ages war produces famine, as one of the most formidable of after effects. But here the field is *so large*, the call at last so sudden and so unprepared, and it comes upon us just at this, the seed time, that it is worthy of the more consideration as to how the call of duty is to be met with least chance of producing lack of bread.

It may be met in part by the economy *of time*. Farmers are very apt to waste half a day at a railroad station or at a flag raising and half the night in talking, so as to unfit themselves for the next day's work. We shall want a broader field of corn and potatoes this next year than ever, or we shall have a sort of famine and very high prices. The winter wheat already looks remarkably promising, but a good deal of spring wheat can yet be put in most advantageously, and will be much wanted.

The troops from cities and towns are always more prepared for sudden exigencies and service than those from the farms, who though more strong and solid and enduring for a long scene of privation and exertion, are without drill or that alertness to learn, and to act in concert with others or obey the word of command, so necessary for an army. For one month, therefore, the cities and towns should furnish the greatest proportion of the troops till the seed is in the ground.

Business of all kinds is of course very dull, as our last Bank returns amply show, and thousands of those who have nothing to do at home, might thus be gloriously engaged in defending homes and firesides till the country is fairly provided against famine in the future. But further than this, there are large bodies of men thrown out of employ in cities who cannot and do not go out to the war. Many of these have in former years been used to farm work. This is their time to go back to such employment, and fill the places of the vast number of those who have gone from the fields to fight the battles of their country.

It is by such changes as these that the country and the city will finally be greatly benefitted, as the turning over of the land and the admixture of various soils improve the country itself. These interchanges of employment are the workings out of a higher law for the progress of mankind and its various races than we commonly suppose, and it is by each family and each man studying the post most useful to the community that he will be best rewarded himself.

## POSITION OF THE CAPITAL.

There is no use disguising from ourselves and from the public that the Capital has been and is much more seriously in peril than has been usually supposed. The ground taken by Governor Hicks, that it is a point of honor with Maryland, that no troops shall pass through that State, is just as treasonable as any revolutionists could desire. The whole troops of the State, and how many from Virginia we know not, have cut off our communications without resistance on our part. The whole of the so-called Union men of Maryland have joined in this movement, and we have laid still, like a sleeping Samson conciliated by a Delilah, until now we awake and find ourselves bound hand and foot and the Philistines are upon us.

Whether the efforts to conciliate the mob have been owing to the forbearing use of conscious strength, or a hope of accomplishing, by conciliation, what might have been refused to force, we will not conjecture. But at any day the President and Cabinet may find themselves caught in a nap with the Capital, and forced to fight their way through, or surrender or die, and the government may be either overthrown or the revolutionists carry off the whole South without a blow struck. They have made us sink six ships of war in the Chesapeake already, and blow up Navy Yards and Arsenals of the greatest strength. No one expected this a week ago. And whether Congress will be able, safely and unmolested, to meet in Washington on the 4th of July, is a problem still doubtful.

There is no use in saying that we have been *deceived* into our present position. That is a position which neither a general nor a cabinet ever ought to allow themselves to be placed in. There was no necessity of going to Washington at all to inaugurate the President. But if by any fortune of war the high officer should be captured, or if a few men, who have professed to be friends of the Government, should seize him as a hostage, for the quiet of the Capital and its delivery over to Maryland, where should we all be?

In what circumstances would the power naturally and necessarily devolve by the Constitution and laws on the Vice President in such a case? All of these are questions which men begin to ponder. Several of those officers most in the confidence of General Scott have gone over to the enemy. There is not a movement made, not a point of any strength left, but the secessionists know it accurately. In these circumstances it is at least the duty of the free States of the North, or our own State alone, to concentrate an army of a hundred thousand men *on the borders of this State*, ready at a moment's warning to fight their way through for the relief of the President and Cabinet, and keep the way permanently open.

We cannot but fear, in the present state of the Capital, that some false information paralyzes the movements of some of those in power when not a moment is to be lost. It is the first of all duties for a Government to make itself strong and impregnable above all reach of danger. If it cannot protect itself, how can it protect the people? If on Friday the Government had given orders for the troops to pass through Baltimore at all hazards, and *held the city responsible* from Fort McHenry, we should long before this have had a safe and uninterrupted communication, and Washington would have been free from danger. It might have cost a battle at Baltimore, but a hundred thousand men from the North would have carried matters right through, and been ready for anything before this. As it is, our troops have been insulted, imprisoned, and made to march backward to Harrisburg, instead of forward. We need now a strong *State* force capable of resisting *any* force on the borders of our own territory and subject to the orders of Governor Curtin or Gen. Wool, or some man of that sort.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—The large movement of troops recently towards the Capital, and surrounding commanding points, affords very strong presumption that by this time the National Capital is relieved of immediate danger of capture by the Secessionists. The troops which are following rapidly will soon put it out of danger from any force that is likely to attack it. General Scott has taken his measures promptly and intelligently, as he always does, and he has been cordially assisted by the Secretary of War in making his plans successful. So soon as the Capital is made perfectly secure, and the country between that and Pennsylvania rid of the impediments which now interrupt communication by land, as it speedily will be, the Government will be at leisure to operate in turn against the rebels. They have hitherto had it pretty much their own way, making demonstrations here, and movements there, all tending to weaken the Government and rob it of its property. They will soon have something to do to look out for their own safety, for the Government will no doubt speedily put itself in action to disperse the rebels wherever they may concentrate impeding the operation of the laws. With the Southern ports blockaded, the Mississippi cut off from navigation above, and all the lines of intercommunication by land, connecting them with the North, in the possession of the Government and well guarded, they will find themselves in a worse condition than they ever imagined could be possible, their business entirely destroyed, and war with unequal odds or submission as the only alternatives of relief.

THE NEW JERSEY RAILROADS have offered the Government every facility for the carrying of troops and munitions of war. The New Jersey Railroad Co., have tendered a loan of $20,000 to the Governor of the State for support of the volunteers. The Camden and Amboy Co. have voted an appropriation of $10,000 toward the support of the families of those who may go South as volunteers.

NO VESSELS are allowed to leave New York harbor now between sunset and sunrise, an order to that effect coming from the Secretary of the Treasury. The rule is enforced by armed vessels in the Narrows and in Long Island Sound.

## THE WANT OF PREPARATION.

The great want of the country for a war is the want of preparation. Men can be had in abundance, and money is forthcoming promptly at demand, but arms and ammunition are scarce, and hence military movements are slow on any sudden demand for supplying large bodies of troops. If we find this a difficulty in getting early into the field with the force that is desirable for perfect security to the Government, the people in the South experience the difficulty in a still greater degree. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the preparation for war in the South, it lacks every essential necessary for early and rapid military movements. Even in Virginia, where, more than a year ago, they commenced arming the State, there is an absence of arms which entirely cripples their operations. Five thousand men suddenly assembled last week at Harper's Ferry, for some rapid movement, but they were unarmed for the most part, and the destruction of the arms at the arsenal by order of our Government has left them no means of being supplied as expected. Clothing, such as uniforms, blankets, tents, the Southern soldiers are almost entirely destitute of. They have not army wagons sufficient for a march gunpowder is scarce, and factories have to be established to supply the necessary quantity. Provisions are also not as abundant as they are in the North, and have to be collected over a wider range of country. Means of transportation are deficient, and field artillery not so abundant as with us.

All these facts should be considered when persons are calculating the probabilities of an early attack upon the Capital from the Southern army. We, who have all these materials of war in greater abundance than they, with greater facilities for providing them for ourselves at an early day, with vaster means of moving large bodies of troops, can see how long it takes to put twenty-five thousand men into the field. It will take twice as long for a Southern army of equal numbers to be ready for warlike operations. While this fact should hurry our own operations, it should also put a stop to the absurd rumors respecting the movements of great bodies of Southern troops. There are no such bodies there yet that are in a fit condition to engage in battle, except probably at Pensacola, where they have been establishing an entrenched camp for the purpose of attacking Fort Pickens.

PENNSYLVANIA QUOTA FILLED.—It is only last week that President Lincoln called for sixteen regiments from Pennsylvania to enforce the laws of the country and protect the Capital, yet we see that Gov. Curtin, in a letter to General Small, announces that the Pennsylvania quota is filled, though he consents to take in Small's brigade. We doubt whether anything like this was ever known in the history of this or any other country. Seventeen thousand men, more than General Scott had at any time in Mexico, volunteering from this State, and as many more desirous of going! Such unanimity of feeling is one of the strongest tests of the loyalty which exists in the heart of the people for their government, and ought to dissipate at once from the minds of the Southern leaders the idea which has urged them into rebellion, that the Northern sentiment was divided, and the administration, lawfully chosen by the people, could be easily overthrown. This mistake has been a fatal one for the South. The North knows no party but the country, and no representative of the nation but the government. If Davis, Rhett, Yancey and Stephens could stand for one hour on Chesnut st. and see the popular manifestations that would there greet their eyes in that brief time, they would shrink appalled at the danger which they have brought upon a portion of the country, of whose destinies they assume to be the special arbiters.

COUNSEL TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.—The following hints to our volunteers are timely and should be heeded:

TO OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

1. Remember that in a campaign more men die from sickness than by the bullet.

2. Line your blankets with one thickness of brown drilling. This adds but four ounces in weight, and doubles the warmth.

3. Buy a small India rubber blanket (only $1 50,) to lay on the ground or to throw over your shoulders when on guard duty during a rain storm. Most of the Eastern troops are provided with these. Straw to lie on is not always to be had.

4. The best military hat in use is the light-colored soft felt; the crown being sufficiently high to allow space for air over the brain. You can fasten it up as a continental in fair weather, or turn it down when it is wet or very sunny.

5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.

6. Keep your entire person clean; this prevents fevers and bowel complaints in warm climates. Wash your body each day, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and oily meat. Gen. Scott said that the too free use of these (together with neglect in keeping the skin clean) cost many a soldier his life in Mexico.

7. A sudden check of perspiration by chilly or night air often causes fever and death. When thus exposed do not forget your blanket.

PAINTS AND PAPER HANGINGS.—M. Kuhlmann, who was the first to apply sulphate of barytes to house painting in France, has communicated a valuable paper on the subject to the Academy of Sciences. Sulphate of barytes is white, and is preferable both to white lead and to oxyde of zinc, not only on account of its durability, but also because it produces no injurious effects upon the health of the workmen. It may be reduced to the form of dry cakes like white lead, but it is preferable to keep it in the state of a paste, because, when once dry it cannot be again reduced so easily to a fine powder, such as it was when first precipitated. It is used with great advantage in the preparation of paper hangings, and has been successfully applied to oil painting, costing of this paint being much more durable than any other known. It is also suggested that artificial ultramarine may be obtained from barytes.

TREASON IN THE CONFEDERATE STATES.—The Mobile Tribune says "treason is the highest crime which can be committed; it strikes at the root of the public welfare, and is, therefore, deserving of a greater punishment than that which only does harm to an individual or a limited number of individuals." It is a hopeful sign to see that the rebels are beginning to understand where they have placed themselves by their great treason—the attempted overthrow of the liberties of thirty millions of people. Possibly by the time the business is finished they will discover that to this great crime there is as great a punishment attached, and be prepared accordingly to meet their deserts.

OUR NATURALIZED CITIZENS TRUE TO THEIR OATHS.—Thirty naturalized citizens, it is said, Germans and Irish, who had been compelled to enlist in the Rebel army, positively refused to fire on the American flag during the bombardment of Sumter, and were consequently arrested and put in prison in Charleston, where they yet remain. The naturalized citizens know that their allegiance is to the United States government, and that none other can protect them from the claims of European governments upon them for service owed before they became citizens of the United States.

THE MINNESOTA, when she sails from the Charlestown Navy Yard, will be in perfect war trim. Two eleven inch guns will be mounted at the stern, capable of throwing balls of 160 pounds weight. The same number of guns, of equal calibre, will be placed in position at the bow of the vessel. When the armament of the steamer is completed, she will have between 60 and 70 heavy guns, all of them of sufficient capacity to discharge shot of upwards of 80 pounds weight. She is expected to leave about the 1st of May.

THE WOMEN of Chemosin county, Miss., have formed a volunteer corps, and are regularly officered and drilled, to protect their homes while the men are absent. The Holly Springs Herald praises the patriotic spirit of the women, but the necessity which compels women to arm themselves for their own protection in the absence of the men, can scarcely be considered as adding to the military strength of the Confederacy.

DELAWARE adheres truly to the Union, though the State authorities favor the cause of the South. Gov. Burton has not called out any troops for the defence of the government, but the people are moving of themselves and forming Volunteer companies to aid the law. The Delaware Republican calls upon the Governor to speedily organize a regiment, or the true men of the State will enlist under the banner of other States.

FITTING OUT ARMED VESSELS.—The merchants of Boston talk of fitting out a steamer of ten heavy guns, and a crew of three hundred daring men, to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico, and capture any piratical vessel which may be sailing under the authority of Jeff. Davis. The Governor's co-operation is asked. All the Newfoundland fishermen will be down upon Southern commerce before long.

A NEW CAMP has been formed in Ohio, at Cincinnati, called Camp Harrison. Four regiments were at the camp on Tuesday last. The Cincinnati papers say there are now eight regiments of infantry nearly full, besides a number of independent companies and nine companies of artillery. Many of the Kentuckians are crossing the river to join the Ohio volunteers.

THE OHIO QUOTA FILLED.—The quota of troops from Ohio called for by the President is filled, but as many more are offering their services. At Camp Jackson, Columbus, there were 3,200 men on Monday.

POSTPONED INDEFINITELY.—Jeff. Davis' dinner in the White House, on the first day of May. The next time Jeff. appears at the White House it will be unwillingly.

THE CALIFORNIA STEAMER CHAMPION arrived safe at New York, on Tuesday night, with $850,000 in specie.

# THE GREAT REBELLION.

## MOVEMENTS CONNECTED WITH IT.

## GEN. HARNEY A PRISONER OF WAR.

### Gallant Act of the Illinois Volunteers.

### MESSAGE OF GOV. HICKS.

*NEUTRALITY RECOMMENDED.*

### The Senate Opposed to Secession.

### THE HOUSE IN FAVOR OF IT.

### THE VIRGINIA SECESSION ORDINANCE.

*BALTIMORE SOBERING DOWN.*

### WASHINGTON SAFE.

A passenger who arrived in the Western train on Sunday morning, says it was detained by the Virginia military at Harper's Ferry for a while, in consequence of a rumor that troops for Washington were on board. After a search the rumor proved unfounded. Gen. Harney, of the U. S. army, and late in command of the department of the West, was, however, it appears, discovered to be on the train, and was taken in charge by the military authorities of Virginia. The train was then permitted to come on to Baltimore. Gen. Harney is reported to have said he was *en route* for Washington, in order to resign his commission. The St. Louis Republican of Wednesday has the following remarks in relation to Gen. Harney:—

It is understood that a large number of volunteers, variously stated at from 700 to 1,200, have been lured at the arsenal to take lower part of this city, regularly enrolled under Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, and subject to all the rules and articles of war. If they like this sort of service, nobody ought to object to it, more especially as it removes, for the time at least, a very dangerous element from amongst the people. Let them go by all means, and let others who desire to do so follow them.

General Harney, in command of this department, was ordered to report to Washington, somewhat hastily we hear, and left yesterday in obedience to the command. He had intended, we are told, to make his headquarters at the arsenal yesterday, and there were a great many who were congratulating themselves on this movement, having every reliance that so long as he remained, the public peace would certainly be maintained. Major Wagner was relieved of his command of the ordnance at the arsenal on Saturday, and it is the subject of remark that so important a post, having within its walls two thousand men, should be placed in the command of a junior captain. In the service of the United States so reduced that officers of higher rank cannot be found to whom the command of so important a post could be confided?

It is further stated that he had sent in his resignation some time ago, but it was not acted upon. He is of course the "lion" for the moment. A despatch has been sent to Gov. Letcher as to what disposition shall be made of him.

### Gallant Exploit of Illinois Volunteers.

*Artillery and Ammunition Rescued From the Secessionists.*

CHICAGO, April 26.—The Illinois troops have struck a great blow at the secessionists of Missouri.

Acting under orders from the President of the United States, an expedition of Illinois volunteers crossed over to St Louis last night, advanced upon the Federal arsenal at St. Louis, and brought away immense stores of artillery, ammunition and small arms, which had been stored at that post by the Secessionists. The amount of property thus recovered from the hands of the secessionists of Missouri is of great value. Among the articles recovered were 21,000 stand of small arms and a park of artillery. There was no fighting. The Illinois boys declare, in true Western style, that the "secessionists are anchored." The exploit has caused great joy here, and the volunteer force is highly praised for the skill displayed in their manner.

PROCLAMATION OF GOV. LETCHER.

Whereas, volunteers are simultaneously tendering their services, in person, from all parts of the State, without waiting for orders, as they were required to do by a former proclamation, and are repairing to Richmond, without previous notice, at great expense to the Commonwealth, and before suitable provision has been made for their accommodation, and before their services are required; therefore, this proclamation is to require all companies not now in Richmond, and not ordered here or elsewhere to remain at their homes, holding themselves simply in readiness for service until ordered by competent authority. Given under my hand, &c.,

JOHN LETCHER.

FROM ALEXANDRIA.

The city of Alexandria is said to be bristling with bayonets and cannon, and the churches are all occupied by the troops, who have flocked in from the surrounding country. Preparations were making for the erection of a battery at the White House Fishery, near Mount Vernon. It was rumored, however, that Gov. Letcher had refused to allow any interruption of the navigation of the Potomac by the Government.

The United States steamer Pawnee was cruising up and down that river, as was supposed to watch the movements on the Virginia shore, and to convoy any vessel that might appear with troops on board. The Pawnee came up to Washington on Tuesday, convoying a vessel bringing the Government troops who had destroyed and abandoned the Gosport navy yard.

VIRGINIA SECESSION ORDINANCE.

We append the ordinance of secession of Virginia, passed on the 17th inst., and which has just been made public. Accompanying the document is a long schedule, setting forth the time and manner of holding a poll for its ratification by the people. A poll will be opened in each military district of Virginia, volunteers, whether in or out of the State, and voters there suffered to vote. This will be in addition to the regular election precincts. The election for members of Congress for the State to the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, required by law to be held on the fourth Thursday in May next, is suspended and prohibited until otherwise ordained by the convention:—

AN ORDINANCE

To repeal the Ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America by the State of Virginia, and to resume all the rights and powers granted under said Constitution.

The people of Virginia, in the ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in convention on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States, and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression, and the Federal Government having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the slave-holding States.

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the people of this State, in Convention, on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified—and all acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution—are hereby repealed and abrogated; that the Union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Consutution aforesaid is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State, and they do further declare that the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State, cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May next, in pursuance of a schedule hereafter to be enacted.

Done in Convention in the city of Richmond, on the seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

A true copy. JOHN L. EUBANK,
Secretary of Convention.

### Message of Governor Hicks to the Maryland Legislature.

FREDERICK, MD., April 27.—The Message of Governor Hicks to the State Legislature, was sent to that body to-day. It is as follows:

*Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:*—The extraordinary condition of affairs in Maryland, has induced me to exercise the constitutional prerogative vested in the Governor to summon the Legislature in special session, in the hope that your wisdom may enable you to devise prompt and effective means to restore peace and safety to our State. I shall detail briefly the startling events which have induced me to summon you together and which have so suddenly placed us in the state of anarchy, confusion and danger, from which I sincerely trust you may be able to extricate us.

Believing it to be the design of the Administration to pass over our soil troops for the defence of the city of Washington, and fearing that the passage of such troops would excite our people and provoke a collision, I labored earnestly to induce the President to forego his purpose. I waited upon him in person and urged the importance of my request. I subsequently communicated with him and his Cabinet by special despatches, entreating an abandonment of their designs. To all my requests I could get but the reply that Washington was threatened with attack; that the Government had resolved to defend it; that there was no other way of obtaining troops than by passing them over the soil of Maryland; and that the military necessity of the case rendered it impossible for the Government to abandon its plans, much as it desired to avoid the dangers of a collision. My correspondence with the authorities at Washington is herewith submitted. The consequences are known to you. On Friday last a detachment of troops from Massachusetts reached Baltimore, and was attacked by an irrepressible mob, and several persons on both sides were killed.

The Mayor and Police Board gave to the Massachusetts soldiers all the protection they could afford, acting with the utmost promptness and bravery, but they were powerless to restrain the mob. Being in Baltimore at the time, I co-operated with the Mayor to the fullest extent of my power in his efforts. The military of the city were ordered out to assist in the preservation of the peace. The railroad Companies were requested by the Mayor and myself to transport no more troops to Baltimore city, and they promptly acceded to our request. Hearing of the attack upon the soldiers, the War Department issued orders that no more troops should pass through Baltimore city, provided they were allowed to pass outside of its limits. Subsequently an attachment of troops was ascertained to be encamped at or near Cockeysville, in Baltimore county.

On being informed of this, the War Department ordered them back. Before leaving Baltimore, Col. Huger, who was in command of the United States Arsenal at Pikesville, informed me that he had resigned his commission. Being advised of the probability that the mob might attempt the destruction of this property, and thereby complicate our difficulties with the authorities at Washington, I ordered Colonel Pesher bridge to proceed with a sufficient force and occupy the premises in the name of the United States Government, of which proceeding I immediately notified the War Department. On Sunday morning last I discovered that a detachment of troops, under command of Brigadier General B. Butler, had reached Annapolis in a steamer, and had taken possession of the practice ship Constitution, which, during that day, they succeeded in getting outside the harbor of Annapolis, where she now lies. After getting the ship off, the steamer laid outside the harbor, and was soon joined by another steamer, having on board the Seventh Regiment from New York city.

Brig. Gen. Butler addressed me, asking for permission to land his forces. It will be seen by the correspondence herewith submitted, that I refused my consent. The Mayor of Annapolis also protested, but both steamers soon afterwards landed and put off the troops—subsequently large bodies of troops reached here in transports and were landed. I was notified that the troops were to be marched to Washington. They desired to go without obstruction from our people, but they had orders to go to Washington, and were determined to obey those orders. In furtherance of their designs, they took military possession of the Annapolis and Elk Ridge Railroad, in regard to which act I forwarded to Brig Gen Butler the protest, and read the reply herewith submitted.

On Wednesday morning, the two detachments first landed took up their line of march for Washington. The people of Annapolis, though greatly exasperated, acting under the counsel of the most prudent citizens, refrained from molesting or obstructing the passage of the troops through the city. Seriously impressed with the condition of affairs, and anxious to avoid a repetition of events similar to those which had transpired in Baltimore, I deemed it my duty to make another appeal at Washington.

Accordingly I sent a special messenger to Washington with a despatch to the Administration, advising that no more troops be sent through Maryland; that the troops at Annapolis be sent elsewhere, and urging that a truce be offered with a view of a peaceful settlement of existing difficulties by mediation. I suggested that Lord Lyons, the British Minister, be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties. The result of the mission will be seen by the correspondence herewith submitted. The events have manifested that the War Department has concluded to make Annapolis the point for landing troops, and has resolved to open and maintain a communication between this place and Washington. In the brief time allowed, it is impossible for me to go more into details. The documents accompanying this message place before you all the information possessed by me. I shall promptly communicate such other information as may reach me. Notwithstaning the fact that our most learned and intelligent citizens admit the right of the Government to transport its troops across our soil, it is evident that a portion of the people of Maryland are opposed to the exercise of the right. I have done all in my power to protect the citizens of Maryland, and to preserve the peace within our borders. Lawless occurrences will be repeated, I fear, unless prompt action be taken by you. It is my duty to advise you of my own convictions of the proper course to be pursued by Maryland in the present crisis which is upon us. It is of no consequence now to discuss the causes which have induced our troubles. Let us look to our distressing present and to our portentous future.

The fate of Maryland, and perhaps of her sister Border Slave States, will undoubtedly be seriously affected by the action of your honorable body. Therefore should every good citizen lend all his energies to the task before us, and therefore should the animosity and bickerings of the past be forgotten, and all strike hands in the bold cause of restoring peace to our beloved State and to our common country. I honestly and most earnestly entertain the conviction that the only safety of Maryland lies in preserving a neutral position between our brethren of the North and of the South. We have violated no rights of either section; we have been loyal to the Union. The unhappy contest between the two sections has not been commenced or encouraged by us, although we have suffered from it in the past. The impending war has not come by any act or any wish of ours. We have done all we could to avert it; we have hoped that Maryland and all the other Border Slave States, by their conservative position and love for the Union, might have acted as mediators between the extremes of both sections, and thus have prevented the terrible evils of a prolonged civil war.

Entertaining these views, I cannot counsel Maryland to take sides against the General Government until it shall commit outrages upon us which would justify us in resisting its authority. As a consequence, I can give no other counsel than that we shall array ourselves for the Union and peace, and thus preserve our soil from being polluted with the blood of our brethren. Thus, if the war must be between the North and the South, we may force the contending parties to transfer the field of battle from our soil, so that our lives and property may be secure.

It seems to me that, independently of all other considerations, our geographical position forces us to this, unless we are willing to see our State the theatre of a long and bloody civil war, and the consequent utter destruction of every material interest of our people, to say nothing of the blood of brave men and innocent women and children, which will cry out from our soil for vengeance upon us if we fail to do all that in us lies to avert the impending calamity. The course I suggest has all the while been the sole groundwork of my policy; and but for the excitement prevailing among our people during the past few days, I believe the object I have kept steadily in view during my administration, would have been consummated. If it has failed, I have the full consciousness that throughout the whole of my harassing and painful incumbency of the gubernatorial chair, I have labored honestly and faithfully for the peace, the safety, and the interests of Maryland and of our common country. This consciousness has fully sustained me in all my troubles, and has enabled me to endure patiently all the crosses, unmerited, and heartless attacks that have been made upon my integrity. I have also comfort in the conviction that my policy has been sustained by a large majority of the people, and that nothing that has transpired since the recent lamentable occurrences within our State, has shaken that conviction.

A momentary frantic excitement took the place of reason and good judgment, and men for the time, threw aside all prudent thoughts of the future, in the mad desire to avenge what they considered wrongs. I submit my suggestions to your wisdom, and I appeal to you, not only as devoted citizens of Maryland, but as husbands and fathers, to allow that prudence and Christian-like temper so honorable to all men, to guide your counsels; and I implore you not to be swayed by the passions which seem to be so fully aroused in our midst to do what the generations to come after us shall ever deplore. In conclusion, gentlemen, I ask your indulgence if I have omitted to present to you any other matter of interest in connection with the important subject which you are convoked to consider. The short time I have had to publish to you my proclamation, and the turmoil and excitement around me, may have caused omissions; if so, they will be promptly supplied when indicated by you. Signed, T. HOLLIDAY HICKS

All the Governor's correspondence accompanies the message, of which 10,000 copies were ordered to be printed.

The Senate has adopted an address to the people of Maryland, stating that the Legislature will not pass an act of Secession, but if the people desire it, they will give them an opportunity of declaring for themselves their future destiny. The House has not acted on this, but has appointed a committee to report an act for the call of a Convention of the people, of which Mr. Scott, of Baltimore, is Chairman.

On motion, the above committee were instructed to consider and report in regard to the legalization of the existing suspension of specie payments by the banks.

### Is the Governor of Kentucky a Traitor?

*The Reported Offer of Troops to Jeff. Davis.*

The Louisville Journal of the 24th instant declares that the following despatch from the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy was sent to Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, on Monday last, and was received at Frankfort on the same day:

"MONTGOMERY, April 22.

"*Hon. B. Magoffin, Frankfort:*

"SIR:—Your *patriotic* response to the requisition of the President of the United States for troops to coerce the Confederate States justifies the belief that your people are prepared to unite with us in repelling the common enemy of the South. Virginia needs our aid. Therefore you are requested to furnish one regiment of infantry without delay, to rendezvous at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. It must consist of ten companies, of not less than sixty four men each. The regiment will be entitled to one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, one major, one adjutant from the line of lieutenants, one sergeant major from the enlisted men. Each company is entitled to one captain, one first lieutenant, two second lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, and two musicians. The officers, except staff officers, to be appointed in the manner prescribed by the law of your State. Staff officers are appointed by the President. Term of service not less than twelve months, unless sooner discharged. *They will be mustered into the service of the Confederate States at Harper's Ferry.* But transportation and subsistence will be provided from the points of departure. They will furnish their own uniforms. By communicating, *arms and ammunition will be sent to Harper's Ferry*, or to such points as you may designate. Answer

## ARMY AND NAVY.

TEN VESSELS of War are fitting out at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard. The steamship Niagara has also arrived, and it is supposed will be immediately put in service again. These vessels are all necessary to the blockade of the Southern ports, a measure which will sooner hurry the South to its senses than any other act of hostility.

ARMY AND NAVY RESIGNATIONS.—It is stated that, of the eleven hundred and ten officers whose names are on the Army Register, the number of resignations to this date since the secession movement commenced is eighty-six; and that, of eight hundred and six commissioned officers of the navy, thirty-three have resigned from all causes since the first of January, to which should be added four lieutenants who resigned in December, from their sympathy with secession. Of the seventy-six commissioned officers of the navy from the seceded States on the first of January, fifty remain in the service.

PAY OF THE TROOPS.—The following, says the Harrisburg Patriot, gives the rate of pay allowed in the army of the United States to which the militia is entitled when called into service:

| | Per month. |
|---|---|
| Colonel | $218 00 |
| Lieutenant Colonel | 194 00 |
| Major | 175 00 |
| Captain | 118 50 |
| First Lieutenant | 108 50 |
| Second Lieutenant | 103 50 |
| Brevet Second Lieutenant | 103 50 |
| First, or Orderly Sergeant | 29 00 |
| Other Sergeants | 27 00 |
| Corporals | 22 00 |
| Privates | 20 00 |
| Musicians | 21 00 |

Officers are required to provide their own uniforms and equipments, but the men are clothed and armed by the Government.


# THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, May 1, 1861.

**Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.**

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per quarter, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.


### INTERRUPTION OF THE MAILS.

Our subscribers will have to bear, with what patience they may, the serious interruption to the mails. The Post-office finds great difficulty in distributing all newspapers intended for the South and Southwest, and last week scarcely any papers were sent South of the Ohio. The department is, however, using the most diligent exertions to re-establish the usual regularity, and in the course of the present week there is reason to hope that communication will be materially extended, though probably less frequent than heretofore. At no period in the existence of the "Newspaper," has its regular receipt been more important to the reader than now, and all that we can do, and all that can be done by those controlling the mail will be, to put the "Newspaper" in the hands of our subscribers at the earliest possible moment after publication. The mails North and West from this city are in the main regular, and any failure of the prompt receipt of the "Newspaper" should be inquired into by the subscriber.

### WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THEM.

There are officers in these my and navy who only remain in it till the States in which they were born, or where they reside, go out of the Union, and then they throw up their commissions, which in many cases are accepted, and they immediately enter into the service of the Confederacy. These persons have sworn to sustain their Government and not their State, and they have all their lives been receiving the pay and honors of that Government. In consideration of their oath, and the acknowledged duty which every officer owes to the flag of his country—its *national* ensign—it is a violation of every sentiment of honor in them to desert it in its need. But a still greater degree of perfidy attaches to their conduct in entering immediately into the service of its enemies. These persons have been in the confidence of the Government till the hour of their desertion. They are necessarily acquainted with its plans and operations, and in going over to its enemies they carry with them that knowledge, and therefore are acting really in the dishonorable character of spies without its risk, and while honorably trusted in, and protected by the service they mean to desert. Only a few days ago, a whole host of Virginia officers, some attached to important branches of the service, and acting at the time apparently in defending the capital against its enemies, resigned, and took immediate service in the Confederate army. The resignations were not accepted, but something more should have been done. They should have been arrested as traitors to their Government, been detained as prisoners, and the secrets which they had obtained while treacherously pretending to serve the Government, be kept in this way from being communicated to its enemies. The laws of war would, we think, sanction this proceeding, and the safety of the Government requires it. Every officer knows by this time, whether he can conscientiously serve, under any circumstances which may arise, the Government to whose service his sworn duty binds him. If he cannot, he should resign, but before his resignation is accepted, he should give a pledge not to serve against his Government for a certain length of time. If he remains in the service, learning the secrets of the Government, till his State goes out, and then offers to resign without a pledge not to enlist in the service of the Confederacy, he should then be detained as a prisoner till the war is over.

### A PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT.

A correspondent, in the State of Delaware, renewing his subscription to the "Dollar Newspaper," accompanies the order with the following patriotic and well expressed sentiments:

"I am so well pleased with the 'Newspaper' and its Farming Department that I cannot afford to lose the valuable information which it weekly found in its columns. You will confer a favor by putting my name down for another year.

"I rejoice over the bold and patriotic stand you have taken in favor of the Union, the Constitution and enforcement of the Laws; and your widely extended views will assist greatly in suppressing insurrection, and repel the invasion which has originated in the Seceded States, and in case of invasion our land in the most unprovoked and aggressive revolution which the world has ever known." p.

Another correspondent, dating at Delaware county, Ohio, on the 22d, says:

"Great excitement here over the war news. And I can but commend the conservative and patriotic tone of the 'Dollar Newspaper' so far through all of our country's troubles. Would that there were more like it, and as extensively circulated."

BE PATIENT.—Many of the soldiers are getting impatient with their long stay in Philadelphia, but they should have patience and remember that the worst thing possible for them is going into camp without being properly provided with what is necessary for camp life. Here in the city they have many comforts they must necessarily be deprived of in camp. They are, besides, better housed and protected from the changes of the weather. The men at their armories ought to be put under a more rigid discipline and receive proper instructions in the manual of arms and in marching. Some of the companies we have seen drill are very ill prepared for taking the field, and we are sorry to say that some of the officers do not appear capable of instructing them. We saw, on Saturday, men who evidently had never before handled a gun, served out with ball cartridge and ordered to load and cap their guns. Some of the men would drop their ramrods in performing this duty, and others their guns, at the risk of shooting their comrades. We could not help remarking how much better it would be if the guns were all breech-loading, how much more simple the process of loading would be, and how much more safe for unpractised soldiers. There is some fine material for a serviceable army in these volunteers, and a few weeks of close and severe application to learning the duties of a soldier would put them on a very different footing. The men, as a general rule, are more attentive than their officers to instruction.

THE WAY THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMEN FIGHT.—When the Berks County and other interior troops were on their way towards Camp Curtin, the officers had a conference over the news of the taking of Fort Sumter, and the fact that, after thirty-six hours cannonading, no life was lost. One honest Dutch officer could not understand how this could be done; but another officer, better posted in modern warfare, assured him that it was all owing to the astonishing improvements in modern science, which had made the art of war so perfect once, which had made the art of war so perfect that forts might be battered down, and cities be bombarded, and yet not a single individual be killed. The honest Dutch son of Mars listened attentively and in surprise at such remarkable results. Suddenly his face reddened, and, with a blow of his fist upon the table, which sounded like the discharge of a Columbiad, he exclaimed, "Den, by tam, dey had better not pring town our Dutchmans, for dey are so tam shtupid mit science, dat dey could not go into a fight mitout killing somebody."

GILHAN'S MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION for the Volunteers and Militia of the United States, published by Charles Desilver, is a timely and useful work, which every soldier should read before he goes into service. The instructions are plain, precise and easily understood, and will enable him to become well acquainted with his duties. Desilver has also published a map of the United States, which will help to make the military movements about to take place more easily comprehended.

### THE TIDE OF REBELLION TURNED.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, says Shakspeare, and in the affairs of nations still more marked than of individuals. We have just turned a tide in the history of this nation the most miraculous of anything in the wonderful history of our country. The tide of rebellion rose higher and stronger, and with a wider sweep than had been considered possible, up to the very edge of our own State. It has swept up through Virginia, and through Maryland, carried away the Navy Yard at Norfolk, and the Armory at Harper's Ferry, carried away all the Union-loving men of Maryland into treason, or silence, or exile, and for a while it cut off all communications with the Capital and seemed to threaten the capture of the city, the President, and the Cabinet. The slightest mistake on the part of General Scott might have brought upon us this last calamity, and with it a ten years' civil war.

Now we may say with confidence that the tide of all this has began fairly to turn, and if the Northern States will only *not relax*, but continue to pour down their troops by Perryville as required by the Government to the full amount of all called for, there need be no fear of successful rebellion, for it will be overwhelmed by the popular uprising now sweeping over the land. With forces so overwhelmingly superior on one side, there need be no long war with the rebels, and we can now be so greatly superior in a short time as to preserve the peace of this great nation from being much further disturbed, because it is *eighteen* millions against less than *eight*.

General Scott has inaugurated this novelty in the art of war. He has always accomplished greater results with less men at his command than any other great general of ancient or modern times. It is said that in Mexico he never had more than twelve thousand five hundred men under his command at one time. The great popular feeling, however, at this time is that he and the Government have risked too much in order to conciliate rebels, and that it will not do to rely further upon the forbearance of a Baltimore mob, or the assurance of Union feelings in men of Virginia or Kentucky, who insult and shoot our troops in passing to Washington to defend our Capital and our flag.

This excessive forbearance and mildness has, we fear, damaged the Union feeling at the South greatly for the first brush, for it has made men doubt if the Government was strong enough to protect them if loyal to it, or to punish them if they opposed it, while they were at least certain that the secessionists would do the latter; and thus the best men have been paralyzed, while the wavering have been committed to a bad cause. This has all helped to swell the tide seemingly against us so far, and until it rose to its full height. But now that the tide has commenced to turn, it must be remarked that this very forbearance has united the entire North as one man against the fearful and treasonable aggressions at the South. It makes all men feel that in rushing to support the flag of their country, the Government appears in no danger of carrying on an aggressive or vindictive, or injurious war. Hence, the best way for peace is to give the Government command of men and of means to any extent they deem necessary, and make it an overwhelming affair.

The larger the force raised now at once from all our cities, (and from the country as soon as the seed is in the ground), the shorter and less severe will be the war. If the Virginians and Marylanders will secede and have a war, it must be kept down in their own borders. A strong force at Perryville, and another at York, and another at Chambersburg will be sufficient to protect our State from any mischief. But forces at Annapolis, and at the junction, and along the line, will also be required to keep open our line of communication, while Forts McHenry, Delaware, and Monroe will make the sum total of troops necessary to enable Congress safely to assemble at the Capital in July not less than a hundred thousand men. The Legislature of this State will now, it is known, be ready to vote any amount of men or means to support the Government; but will at the same time expect a more vigorous policy to defend them between here and the Capital.

### CIVIL WAR—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

One of the painful features of the war in our country, is the alienation it produces among friends, the separation of interests hitherto the most united, and the severing of relations the most close and sacred. In an insurrection such as we are now experiencing, there will necessarily be differences of sentiment in the different sections of the country, according as birthplace, family ties, social relations, and business interests predominate. Where these differences exist in the same family, the same social circle, the same business connections, the rupture is as inevitable as it is where no such intimate ties exist, but it is far more painful and self-sacrificing. Still it is a duty which has to be performed, according to each individual's convictions of what he owes to his Government, and where his loyalty is the strongest.

We here in the North have been loth to believe in the necessity of alienation, and have looked upon the mad acts of those whom we have hitherto regarded as our brethren, as the promptings of passion, which a cooler reason would allay. We could scarcely credit that the ease with which they threw off their loyalty to their Government arose from any deep-seated design to destroy it. But now that purpose is manifest, we have to meet the issue as it exists, and make the sacrifice for our country, at whatever cost of personal feeling or personal interest it may require. A noble example has just been set, in the conduct of the wife of an officer who has proved a traitor to his country, in the hour that it trusted him on an important service. The circumstance, as related in the New York Times, shows how capable a heroic woman is of making the sacrifice which duty demands. We give the story as it is told:

A WOMAN TO BE HONORED.—It will be remembered that Lieut. Abner Smead, of the First Artillery, was sent, a few weeks since, by Lieut. Slemmer, to Washington, to apprise the Government of the absolute necessity of supplies and reinforcements at Fort Pickens. Forgetful of all obligations of honor and duty, Lieut. Smead took Montgomery in his westward, and, having committed his despatches to the perusal of the rebel authorities, proceeded to Washington, whither the news of his treason having anticipated him, he was not shot, as he deserved to be, but simply struck from the roll of the army. The wife and children of Lieutenant Smead, with the families of several officers on duty in the South, were at Fort Monroe. The lieutenant hastened from Washington to obtain his family, and remove them southward, but his movements were not so rapid but that his crime had been reported before him. When, therefore, he presented himself at the fort, he was refused admission, the officer on duty declining to "admit a traitor" within a Federal post; the only favor conceded being that he might have an interview with Mrs. Smead without the walls. That interview the unhappy miscreant is not likely to forget. Attended by a few female friends, one of whom furnished the account which we give of the scene, the lady met her husband, and in terms of scorching eloquence, reproached him with his shame.

"Go home with you!" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor, you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor."

Turning with these words, the noble and patriotic woman re-entered the fort, and gave way to her very natural feelings. We may add that Mrs. Smead is, like her discarded husband, a native of Georgia, and that while the latter went Southward to obtain the reward of his treason, the former, with her children, has come North, passing through this city on Tuesday, and is now at Morristown, N. J.

AFFECTED WITH CONSTITUTIONAL SCRUPLES.—The secession journals in the South are very much concerned about the constitutional right of President Lincoln to use the military force of the country against rebellion without the previous sanction of Congress. They say it is not constitutional. Their regard for the constitution is only an active sentiment when they have lawless designs to answer and do not wish to be restrained by the good wholesome laws of the country. They did not scruple to set the Constitution aside entirely in their rebellion. They are beginning now to see that their ideas of the Constitution, which allow them to break up unceremoniously the government established by the people, are not the governing ones in this quarter, and that in the opinion of two-thirds of the citizens of the United States, the President has good constitutional authority for acting against rebellion with the whole physical force the nation can command. As the seceders have repudiated the Constitution, they need not mind how we construe it. The interpretation we give it will be to save it and the government established upon it from destruction.

GOOD ADVICE.—Some of the Southern cities begin to see the alarm and insecurity those illegal combinations known as "Vigilance Committees" are likely to produce in their communities. In all the Southern cities there are such organizations, usurping the rights of the constituted authorities and visiting illegal punishments upon persons against whom the slightest suspicion has been breathed. The Mobile Tribune denounces such bodies as tending to weaken the South, instead of procuring it the united support it needs, and that the persons who are engaged in them are the worst enemies of their country, cloaking private animosity and malicious motives under pretended patriotic zeal and intense sectional devotion. It calls upon the Mayor to break up these organizations and urges all citizens who know anything of disaffected persons, inimical to the public interests, to hand them over to the law to be punished in the only legal, safe and proper way.

AN OMINOUS NAME.—The Naval Officer sent to look after Jeff. Davis' privateer pirates, is named Stringham. His acts will probably correspond with his name.

## EUROPEAN NEWS.

By the arrival of the steamship Jura off Father Point on Tuesday, on her way to Quebec, we receive advices from Europe three days later. She left Liverpool on the 11th, and Londonderry on the 12th. A still further advance on Cotton had taken place in the Liverpool market. Breadstuffs, under the favorable crop weather, exhibited a declining tendency. Consols were quoted at 92 a 92¼ for account. The most important news by this arrival is from the Continent. In France a rumor prevailed that the old National Guard was to be reconstructed on a more effective footing than ever before, and that Marshal Canrobert was to have chief command. The Roman question was being debated in the Italian Parliament, and Count Cavour had expressed the hope that an amicable understanding with the Pope would yet be established. It was stated that Portugal has recognized the new Kingdom of Italy. At last advices all was quiet at Warsaw. We have, however, some particulars of the latest disturbances there, in which it appears some ten or more citizens were killed. The news generally is quite interesting.

The arrival of the Asia at New York supplies Liverpool dates to the 13th and Queenstown dispatches to the 14th inst. The news is of interest. Mr. Gregory had recalled the attention of the House of Commons to the propriety of recognizing at once the Southern Confederacy; and Mr. Fosster had introduced a resolution declaring that should that measure be determined upon, it must be preceded by the most explicit engagement on the part of the South against the reopening of the Slave-trade. The news from the Continent is extremely warlike. Not only are preparations for a conflict in Italy proceeding with always increasing haste, but a serious misunderstanding exists between the French and English Governments in reference to the Syrian question. The former is said to have determined upon making its occupation of Syria perpetual, to which England not only objects, but proposes to send an expedition of its own to prevent such act of annexation. In the meantime, the Imperial Government had been making contracts for transporting large bodies of troops to Italy Garibaldi had been seriously ill, but his health was improving. The spirit of insubordination had become so daring at Warsaw, that the city had been fully occupied by Russian troops, and martial law proclaimed. Prince Gortschakoff had been superseded as Governor of Poland by Gen. Mouravieff.

## AMUSEMENTS.

The theatres of our city last week had a strong competition in the out-door excitement consequent on the military preparations to meet the rebels against the Government, now centering around the National Capitol and at various other points in the Seceded States. The Walnut and the Arch are, however, still open, and, with attractive entertainments, will, with lessened outside excitement, probably improve this week. Mr. Sothern continues his engagement at the Walnut, and at the Arch a grand military drama was produced on Monday evening.

*The Stereopticon*, one of the most beautiful and really chaste exhibitions ever offered to the Philadelphia public, we understand, will be exhibited at Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, the 1st of May. We can assure our Jersey friends that this is no clap-trap exhibition, relying on newspaper puffs for its support, but one that produces the most beautiful of artistic effects.

## LITERARY RECORD.

**Henry Clay—Engraved Portrait.** Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Sartain's admirable picture of Henry Clay, the same that was published a few years ago, and sold at five dollars per copy, has been issued in the same excellent style, and is now sold at $1 per copy. Those who desire to perpetuate a likeness of this great statesman cannot do it more cheaply or more satisfactorily than by possessing themselves of this large and perfectly executed picture. In these times of discord and civil war, the following extract from one of the ablest speeches of this noble statesman will be read with interest, and we hope with profit. It is this: "I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a distracted people, once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous and fraternal people! It there be any who want civil war—who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilled, I am not one of them. I wish to see war of no kind; but above all, do I not desire to see civil war. When a war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when or how or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast—tell me, if you can tell me, if any human being can tell its duration. God alone knows where such a war will end!"

**After Icebergs with a Painter.** By Louis L. Noble. New York: Appletons. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This book is the record of a voyage, during the summer of 1859, in company with a distinguished landscape painter, along the Northeast Coast of British America, for the purpose of studying and sketching ice-bergs. That the best opportunities might be afforded for the purpose, the voyage was made from St. John's Newfoundland, to Labrador, by which the parties were thrown into the midst of icebergs of every variety of size and shape. The result of this voyage is not only a lively and instructive book, but many illustrations, the drawings of which were taken under unusually favorable circumstances.

**Silas Warner, the Weaver of Raveloe.** By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss, etc. Harpers: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

Those who have read the previous works of this author will not fail to procure a copy of that now under notice. There is a vigor and a freshness about all his writings that cannot fail to commend them to universal favor, and none of them, so far as leisure has afforded us opportunity to examine it, excels in interest "Silas Warner." Surrounded with trouble and excitement as we are, we know of no more effectual mode of gtving relief to our overwrought mind, than by an hour spent over this book.

**Hopes and Fears: or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster.** By the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe." Appletons: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

This admirable story has been issued in cheap form, two volumes in one, on fine, white paper, and with large, clear type. Embodying a wholesome moral, as it does, it will, in its present cheap form, find many appreciating readers.

## NEWS AND NOTINGS.

. . . . New York papers say the bustle and activity at the military and naval stations continue. Several tons of shot were received a few days since from Boston at Governor's Island.

. . . . Republican telegrams assert that the Border States are assuring the President of their support in his war policy. Shouldn't like to bet on it.

. . . . Morrissy is rallying—his favorite practice—against the diptheria, and promises to come up well and smiling.

. . . . A lad died in Cincinnati recently from the effects of a severe beating he received a year ago, at the hands of a German school teacher.

. . . . Miss Colfax, cousin of the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, has been appointed Light House keeper at Michigan City, with a salary of $350 a year.

. . . . It is discovered that "horses can't vote," but nevertheless are liable to be *drafted* for military service.

. . . . The Albany Journal says: "Greatly as extra sessions of Congress are to be deprecated, there seems now to be an overruling necessity for one."

. . . . It appears now that Major Anderson's reply to the summons for his surrender was precisely the reply which he was directed to give by the President. This we learn from the correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, who had an interview with the President on his return from Charleston.

. . . . Several former residents of Camden, N. J., who had settled in the neighborhood of Norfolk and Portsmouth, where they had been engaged in cultivating vegetables and fruits for the New York and Philadelphia markets, have been driven away and come home. They are heavy losers, as their crops were all planted.

. . . . That able statesman, John C. Calhoun, declared in his day that the party organizations were utterly corrupt, and were only held together by the cohesive power of the public plunder."

It was John Q. Adams who said the Whig party was so held, in a letter addressed to Mr. Pierce, of Rhode Island.

. . . . A little girl has been arrested in Rochester for robbing the mail. She went to the Post-office on the 14th ult., and disappointed at not receiving a Valentine, thought it would be pretty to go to the delivery and call the number of a box where she saw a letter. The clerk gave it to her, she carried it home, and, she says, destroyed it. It was addressed to a firm of druggists, and contained bills and promissory notes.

. . . . S. M. Felton, Esq., President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, announces that the route to Washington via Annapolis is now open, and that a train will be despatched from Philadelphia daily at half past 11 A. M., and a line will be started from Annapolis to connect with the night line up, which will arrive here at about half past 9 P. M. The mails can be taken by this route. The mails from Philadelphia went South by this route on Friday and Saturday.

## TELEGRAPH NEWS.

**A Nucleus for a Standing Army.**
*Three and Five Years' Enlistment of the Volunteers*
—18 000 *sailors to be placed in service.*

WASHINGTON, April 29.—The Government to-day formally decided to call for 40,000 volunteers, to serve for the term of three years; 25,000 for five years, and 18,000 sailors for the same period. There are additional to the 75 000 volunteers recently called for by proclamation, for three months service.

Orders to carry this measure into effect will be at once issued.

An armory, in place of that at Harper's Ferry, is to be established at Rock Island, Illinois.

**From Harrisburg**

HARRISBURG, April 29.—Among the Senators arrived to-day are Messrs. Smith, Palmer, Wharton, Yardley and Parker. A large number of the members of the House have also arrived, and all will be here by noon to-morrow.

The Governor will apportion the troops under the new requisition according to the population of the several counties and the number of troops now in the field from them. This is done to prevent a too great depopulation of the agricultural and mining counties.

A change of officers in the Tenth Regiment was made to-day. Colonel McCalla having declined, S A Meredith, a brother of Wm. M. Meredith, of Philadelphia, was elected. Capt. Richard White, of Cambria county, was elected Major, in the place of Col. Meredith. Alexander White was elected Quarter-master.

Officers of the regular army present to-day, during a division parade, said that the Tenth Regiment was one of the best in the service.

The State administration is greatly annoyed by companies coming from the different State encampments without and against orders. All companies not notified officially of their acceptance, under the new law, will be sent home again.

Mr. Palmer, the Speaker of the House will introduce a bill to-morrow authorizing Schuylkill county to appropriate $30 000 for the support of the families of volunteers. A general bill will also be introduced to meet similar cases in the different counties.

**From Virginia by way of Harrisburg**

HARRISBURG, April 26.—A confidential agent arrived here this morning, reports 2,400 men at Harper's Ferry, and 1,000 marched to Alexandria on Thursday. The officers at Harper's Ferry believe that General Beauregard is at Richmond with 7,000 troops.

The Baltimore and Ohio road is still supplying Baltimore with provisions. There is much quiet debate here among leading persons as to the propriety of tapping the Columbia dam of the Susquehanna river, thus cutting off the water from the Tide Water Canal, to stop supplies of coal and provisions by that route. The feasibility of tapping the artificial lake supplying Baltimore with water is also spoken of.

Another requisition for troops from Pennsylvania is confidently expected by the State authorities early next week. The number will probably not be less than 10,000, and may be 25,000.

John A. Ford, a Philadelphian, but lately a resident of Petersburg, Va., has arrived here with his daughter. He escaped after being arrested, and has abandoned $20,000 worth of property. He says he learned at Richmond that the design of the Secessionists was to attack Fortress Monroe first. If a force sufficient can be collected, they will besiege it and Washington simultaneously. He says that at every village recruiting is going on rapidly, and most of them are being rapidly forwarded to the camp at Acquia Creek and Harper's Ferry. Every person coming through Richmond had to procure a pass from Governor Letcher.

**Union Demonstrations in Maryland.**

CHAMBERSBURG, April 26.—Passengers from Hagerstown, this morning, report a sudden and most wonderful change in sentiment in that section of Maryland. The stars and stripes were raised at Hagerstown to-day, and there are extensive preparations for further Union demonstrations. The election next week for Representative will result tremendously for Lewis P Ferry, a Union man.

Allegheny county has instructed its Representative, Shenk, if they vote for secession, they will be hung when they return home.

The Stars and Stripes are waving all over Frederick city, and the Home Guards refused to parade except under its folds and to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

At Clear Spring every house has its flag, and the miners have sworn to resist secession to the death. By next week no sympathizers with Southern traitors will dare to avow their sentiments at Hagerstown, Frederick or Cumberland.

Another passenger reports the Eastern Shore counties except Worcester, as Union to the core. The Union men will raise a military company at once.

**A Patriotic Letter.**

The following letter from Commodore Stockton has been addressed to Governor Olden. It needs no commentary, but denotes the warm, heartfelt patriotism of one of New Jersey's most devoted sons:

PRINCETON, April 20, 1861.—To his Excellency, Charles S. Olden.—My dear Sir:—You are aware that I have for months, without regard to personal reproach or convenience, done but little else than to use my best efforts to preserve the peace of the country. In spite, however, of my efforts, and your efforts, and the efforts of the whole people of New Jersey, war is upon us. My apprehensions, often expressed to you are realized. Civil war is now raging in Baltimore.

I will, therefore, take the liberty to suggest that, after you have complied with the requisition of the National Government for troops, you consider the best means to preserve our own State from aggression. You remember that it is only the river Delaware which separates New Jersey from the slave States. If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely tendered.

This is no time to patter about past differences of opinion, or to criticise the administration of public affairs. We are in the presence of an awful danger. We feel the throes of political convulsions, which threaten to bring down to ruins the noblest fabric of government ever constructed for the purposes of civilization and humanity. Every citizen should feel that any sacrifice which he is called upon to make in such a crisis is nothing. I am ready to do all I can to maintain our own rights and preserve peace.

I will hoist the star spangled banner at Morven, the former residence of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—that flag which, when a boy, I nailed to the mast head of the frigate President; that flag whose honor I have maintained in more than one personal combat; that flag which I have carried honored and respected in every clime—which I hoisted on the Barbary coast in Africa, and carried through the territory of California; that identical flag which I bore across the Rio San Gabriel, and over the plains of Mesa, and hoisted in triumph in the city of De Los Angels, in the face of a despotic foe; that flag which the *immortal* WASHINGTON, *in the name of our country*, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, *planted on the ramparts of Liberty!*

Faithfully, your ob't. servant,
R. F. STOCKTON.

**Pennsylvania's Quota.**

From an official paper, received from the War Department at Washington, we are enable to give the quota of officers, General, Regimental and Company, and of men to be furnished by Pennsylvania for the defence of our flag. The following is the official list:

Major Generals, two.
Aids-de-Camp to Major Generals, (ranking as Majors,) four.
Division Inspectors, (ranking as Lieutenant Colonels,) two.
Brigadier Generals, four.
Aids to Brigadier Generals, (Captains,) four.
Brigade Inspectors, four.
Number of Regiments, sixteen.
Colonels, sixteen.
Lieutenant Colonels, sixteen.
Majors, sixteen.
Adjutants, (Lieutenants) sixteen.
Regular Quarter-Masters, (Lieutenants) sixteen.
Surgeons, sixteen.
Surgeons' Mates, sixteen.
Sergeant Majors, sixteen.
Drum Majors, sixteen.
Fife Majors, sixteen.
Captains one hundred and sixty.
Lieutenants, one hundred and sixty.
Ensigns, one hundred and sixty.
Sergeants, six hundred and forty.
Corporals, six hundred and forty.
Drummers, one hundred and forty.
Fifers, one hundred and sixty.
Privates, ten thousand two hundred and forty.
Total of Officers, six hundred and twelve.
Men, eleven thousand eight hundred and eighty eight.
Aggregate, twelve thousand five hundred.

HOW ABOUT KENTUCKY?—The prominent and influential men of Louisville, Ky., have been holding a conference with the Cincinnatians, in regard to the shipment of produce and arms to Southern ports, and to deliberate on the policy to be pursued in the present crisis between Kentucky on the one hand and Ohio on the other. The Kentuckians argued for their State remaining neutral, and also for the privilege of furnishing supplies to their *neighbors*. A State remaining neutral in such a time as this, when the very existence of the government is endangered by rebellion! No! Kentucky ought to be given at once to understand that she as well as every other loyal State has a duty to perform in supporting the lawful government. If she is so unmindful of her duty as to wish to remain neutral, supplying rebels at the same time with the means of carrying on a destructive war against the government, she ought to be at once thrust out of the Union and made to go where her sympathies evidently belong. Kentucky must deal honestly by the government and lend it her aid. If she does not do this, while pretending to be in the Union, she should be treated also as an enemy, and suffer the consequences of having her trade cut off entirely with the North, till she learn where her true interests are.

FIFTY THOUSAND TROOPS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin, in a letter to Pittsburg, on Saturday, said that there will be four camps formed in this State, and that, if the recommendations which he will make to the Legislature, on its assembling next Tuesday, meet with approval, there will be an army in the State of Pennsylvania of not less than fifty thousand men, which will be divided between Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia and the border.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 27th inst., was 259—93 adults and 166 children. There were 27 from consumption of the lungs, 16 from inflammation of the lungs, 23 from small pox, 31 from scarlet fever, 13 from debility, 9 from convulsions, 7 from diptheria and 4 from palsy.

**Cruise of the United States Steam Frigate Niagara.**

The telegraph has already announced the arrival "below" at Boston of the United States steam frigate Niagara. She returns from the East Indies and Japan, having taken home the Japanese Embassy. Her officers, not having heard from the United States since they left in June, 1860, were almost paralyzed by the announcement made to them by the pilot they picked up at sea, that the nation was under arms, preparing for war. The entire ship's company was astonished at the news, many of them weeping bitterly.

The water which the Niagara was supplied with was brackish muddy stuff, when it was put into the ship. Ins ead of taking Croton or Ridgewood water, it was taken from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in order to put three or four thousand dollars into the hands of political speculators, which could not have been done had it been taken from either of the above named sources.

The quantity of coal burned since leaving New York, June 30, to August 2 was 1120 tons, of which 340 tons to Porto Grande, and 780 to August 2d.

JEDDO, Nov. 10, 1860.

We have at length safely arrived at the Japanese Metropolis, with the late American Embassy in good health and spirits. The Ambassadors exhibited a good deal of emotion when the hour of reparation arrived, and many of them shed tears on leaving the great American frigate for the last time. All expressed themselves highly pleased with the treatment they had received during the time they were in charge of the Americans. The City of Jeddo does not present a grand appearance from the Niagara, but the appearance of the bay is of more than ordinary magnificence. Its shores are richly diversified by hills and dales, while mountains in the interior are visible, with their peaks rising several thousand feet high and capped with snow.

There are also one or two volcanoes, and an extinct volcano of 6000 feet in height, whose summit is brightened by eternal snow. The Japanese believe this mountain to be the Temple of the Sun, and it is represented on all their lacquered ware. The general impression is that the mission of the Embassy will not be attended with any results of importance, and that "Tommy's" freedom with Americans will be paid for with his head. With the exception of the temples, the house of the Tycoon, and a few of the houses of the Princes, there is no house in Jeddo larger than a Southern smoke-house. Dogs crowd the streets, and are held in reverence by the people.

The voyage home has been comparatively pleasant.

List of Officers:—Captain—W. McKean; Lieutenants—Isaac N. Brown, John Guest, W. F. Spicer, J. C. P. DeKraft, D. P. McCorkle, E. E. Potter, and R. L. Mory; Surgeon—Robt. Wooworth; Passed Assistant Surgeon—D. B. Simard; Assistant Surgeon—James McMasters; Paymaster—Thos. R. Ware; Chaplain—Chas. S. Stewart; First Lieut. Marines—Israel Green; Second Lieut. Marines—George Butler; Engineer—Wm. Williams; Midshipmen—Silas Casey, James O'Kane, J. P. Marvin, H. B. Robinson, W. Scott Schley, Thomas L. Swan, and E. G. Reed; Boatswain—A. M. Pomeroy; Gunner—R. H. Hill; Carpenter—H. P. Leslie; Sailmaker—Stephen Seaman; Engineers—First Assistants, D. B. Macomb, H. A. Ramsey; Second Assistants, C. B. Kid, A. C. Du Plaine; Third Assistants, Levi R. Greene, A. H. Fisher, R. H. Gurnell, and Robert Potts.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

**THINGS IN NEW YORK.**

NEW YORK, April 28, 1861.

Not much astir, yesterday, apart from the tramp, tramp of the firemen, escorting down to the wharves the Regiment of Zouaves, who have just been mustered into the service of their country. This Regiment is made up of nothing, if not fighting men, and should they ever be called into the field they are just the fellows to be first and foremost at the "imminent, deadly breach." The escort, down Broadway, was a very imposing one, the entire Department turning out *en masse* notwithstanding the rain. At the City Hall a fine stand of colors was to be presented to the Brigade, on behalf of the Mayor and Common Council, but owing to the rain storm the ceremony was postponed until to-morrow. The Regiment will sail in the Baltic, for Annapolis probably. The Fifth Regiment, eight hundred strong, took their departure, this forenoon, in the steamer Kedar, for Annapolis.

The week closed without any noticeable movement in financial or commercial circles. Merchants who are executing contracts for the Government, are satisfied that the war is not going to be so great a curse, after all; but everybody else is grooning over the great dullness of trade. Not a few of the down-town stores are closed altogether, with placards on shutters, "to let, on easy terms; possession given immediately."

The following is a comparative statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods and General Merchandize at New York for the week and since January 1st:

| *For the Week.* | 1859 | 1860. | 1861. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dry Goods | $7,718 473 | $1,708,488 | $393,061 |
| General Merchandize | 3,090,734 | 2,446,756 | 1,110,926 |
| Total for the week | $4 829,072 | $4,150 263 | $1,503,987 |
| Previously reported | 72 568,898 | 74,393 167 | 56,165 349 |
| Since January 1st | 77 396,705 | 79,043 820 | 58 270,336 |

In the dry goods trade there has been a large falling off in the trade during the past week, owing to the war excitement; the jobbers are still doing a moderate business with the nearby trade, but with the South all operations have been stopped, owing to the closing of the ports. The commission merchants are doing hardly anything whatever, and the manufacturing interest is likely to suffer severely during the war. There has been some little activity in fabrics suitable to clothe the Army, but there is no important change in prices. Domestic Goods are in good supply, and the stock of nearly all is accumulating. The depression in foreign goods continues unabated, and the market is dull.

Steamships Fulton, for Southampton and Havre, and Glasgow, for Liverpool, sailed yesterday, full of passengers. Signor and Madame Strigelli are on board the Glasgow. The Fulton has 283 passengers in all.

Money continues in superabundant supply. For the best short dated paper, the rates range from 5¼ to 7 per cent.; on call 5 a 6. Upon other than first rate security, however, borrowers cannot make terms anything like these. The banks to-morrow will show a further accession to their specie column.

The stock market yesterday morning was inactive, but prices were higher on the whole list, under the belief that the crisis at Washington was about over, and that something might even yet, at the eleventh hour, turn up, to roll back the tide of war. The Federal 6s of '61 (coupons) were the only exception to the improvement, $33,000 sold, opening at 85 and closing at 84¾, a decline of 1 per cent from the previous sale. The average improvement on the Border State Railway Bonds and Shares was 1¼ per cent. Pacific Mail rose 8 per cent, closing at 7.

At the Second Board the market was firm, with a further improvement in prices. U. S. Treasury Notes advanced ¼ per cent; Virginia 6's, 1; Erie 4th mortgage, 3; Chicago and Rock Island, ¼; Illinois Central, 1¼; Harlem, ¼; Michigan Central, ¼; Michigan Southern Guaranteed, ¼; Galena and Chicago, 1; Cleveland and Toledo, ¼; Missouri 6's, ¾. Erie declined ¼; New York Central, ¼; U. S. 6's, '81, Coupon, ¼.

Annexed are the closing prices of stocks at 2¼ o'clock:

| | Off. | Ask. | | Off. | Ask. |
|---|---|---|---|---|

## "ROCK ME TO SLEEP."

[FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR MAY.]

["We remember reading, some few months ago, in one of our New Hampshire exchange papers, an account of the death of a citizen patriot, eighty-five years of age. The last words of the old veteran were, 'I want to see my mother!' She had been dead more than forty years! This incident has just been called to mind by the touching lines, 'Rock me to Sleep,' sent us by an old friend and correspondent, now exiled from his early home and friends in far-off California:

Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight—
Make me a child again—just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore:
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother, rock me to sleep!

"Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears:
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

"Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue:
Mother, O Mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossoming and faded, our faces between:
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

"Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone:
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my weary lids creep,
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

"Come let your brown hair just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light,
For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet vision of yore;
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, Mother—rock me to sleep!

"Mother, dear Mother! the years have been long
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song;
Sing, then again!—to my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your soft, light lasheses just sweeping my face.
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, Mother!—rock me to sleep!"

Who wrote these lines? They are brim-full of tears; and we envy not the man who can read them without emotion

## THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### CULTIVATION OF TABLE VEGETABLES.

ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus is justly esteemed one of the choicest vegetables in the garden; and indeed it possesses every quality to recommend it—flavor for the palate, hardiness of constitution, facility of culture, and profit to the grower. Being among the most hardy and delicious of vegetables its culture has been rapidly extended during the last few years, and especially because it comes at a season when nothing else is available.

SOIL AND MANURE.

In the making of asparagus beds, the chief point to be considered is to make choice of a proper soil. The best should be chosen which the garden affords; it must not be too wet, nor too strong, nor too stiff, but such as is moderately light and pliable, so that it will readily fall to pieces in digging or raking, and in a situation that it enjoys the full sun. The ground intended for asparagus beds should have a large supply of decayed or other good manure, laid several inches thick; it may then be regularly trenched two or three feet, and the manure buried equally in each trench as the process goes on. A good depth of soil is always of great benefit to the growth of the plant. Early in every spring, also, a dressing of salt should be applied, to the extent of one or two pounds to each square yard, and an additional dressing of stable manure should likewise sometimes be given. Asparagus is a marine plant, hence saline sand both strengthens and refreshes it; but clean lake or river sand—the coarser the better—is as good as that from the sea-beach, if sufficient salt is used. Asparagus is found in its native state in the sands on the sea shore, and near enough to the water for the roots to be saturated periodically with salt water; and this, therefore, is a certain indication that salt is essential to its well-doing. Good sandy loam and stable manure, with a liberal supply of the kind of sand described, are the proper things to use. But it is desirable to avoid all brown, yellow, or dark-colored sand, because such kinds usually contain iron, which is known to be prejudicial to the plant. It is stated that since the Spanish method of cultivating asparagus by the sea shore has become known in England, a complete change has taken place in the manner of growing it there, salt being added in moderate quantities to the manure used to enrich the beds, and it is also spread broadcast upon them, at the rate of one to three pounds per square yard, after forking them over in the spring. The month of April or soon after the frost is out of the ground, is considered a good time to apply the salt dressing to the bed.

PREPARATION OF THE BEDS.

The ground being made level, it should be divided into beds, say four feet and a half wide, with alleys two feet wide between bed and bed. Four rows of the asparagus may be planted in each bed, and ten or twelve inches distance allowed between plant and plant in the row, letting the outside rows of each bed be nine inches from the edge; or they may be planted only in single rows, two feet and a half apart, or in narrow rows containing two rows of roots only. The bed should be made as early as the ground can be worked in the spring of the year, and is much improved by being well drained beneath with stones, bones, or oyster shells, on which some turf or brushwood may be laid. Formerly the plant was deemed to be in perfection when the tips of the shoots just made their appearance above the surface of the ground; and the shoot which was blanched in its ascent to the surface from the crown of the roots some inches below, was deemed the most delicate part for eating—and many good judges think so still. But others prefer the young green part of the shoot produced above ground, when about three or four inches long. The culture to produce the one or the other should be slightly different; because, to have it in the blanched state, the bed should be thicker above the crown of the roots, in order that it may have a longer growth before it reaches the surface, and the material should be somewhat lightened by the addition of straw, litter, and leaves.

PLANTING THE ROOTS.

It is of great importance for insuring success in the planting of asparagus to lift the roots carefully, and to expose them to the air as little as possible. While planting, therefore, it is a good plan to keep the roots in a basket, amongst a little light earth, and covered with a mat or other suitable article. No plant feels an injury in the root more keenly than asparagus, and from the brittleness of the roots when they are once broken, they do not readily shoot again. If sown to transplant, for a bed four feet and a half wide by six feet in length, one quart of seed will be requisite; if sown to remain, for a bed four feet and a half wide by thirty feet in length, one pint is necessary. If plants a year old are wanted for a plantation, then for a bed four feet and a half wide by thirty feet in length, to contain four rows of plants nine inches distant in the row, one hundred and sixty plants will be requisite.

The following is a successful method of planting. Strain the line parallel with the beds, nine inches from the edge, then with a spade cut out a small trench or drill close to the line about six inches deep, making that side next the line nearly upright; and when one trench is opened, it should be planted before another is opened, placing the plants upright ten or twelve inches distant in the row, or the ground may be drilled for the roots to the depth of four or five inches with the garden hoe. The plants are not to be placed flat in the bottom of the trench, but nearly upright against the back of it; so that the crown of the plants may stand upright, and two or three inches below the surface of the ground; let them be all placed an equal depth, spreading their roots somewhat regularly against the back of the trench, at the same time drawing a little earth up against them with the hand as they are placed, in order to fix the plants in their due position till the whole be planted. When one row is planted, draw the earth immediately with a rake into the drill over the plants, and open another drill or trench. When they are all planted, let the surface of the beds be raked smooth, and clean them from stones. It is of very great importance to take up the roots carefully, and expose them to the air as little as possible. If it is desired to raise asparagus directly from the seed, without transplanting, two or three seeds may be sown in the places designated for setting the plants, and cover them with an inch of good soil; and when the plants are up, they may be thinned to one in a place.

FRENCH AND SHAKER METHODS OF CULTIVATION.

The French gardeners about Paris, who are famous for their fine asparagus, both green and blanched, pursue the following method: The ground is deeply trenched, and very liberally supplied with well-decayed manure from old melon beds. It is then divided into beds about three feet six inches in width. In March, they plant their roots twenty inches or two feet in the row, and the usual routine follows till the next autumn, when the bed is liberally manured and deeply covered by the mould from the adjoining alleys. Thus excavated, they form a receptacle for hot dung, with which they are filled, as the produce may be required; the beds being covered with small frames, about the width of the bed. These beds produce the large white asparagus.

Another method, which has been successfully practised by the Shaker gardeners for a great many years, consists in making the beds as soon as the ground is clear from the frost—say the first of April, in ordinary seasons. The ground is well worked to the depth of a spade blade, and intimately mixed with decayed horse manure; and the seeds are then sowed in rows or drills, twenty inches apart, and one inch deep, the rows crosswise of the beds, the seeds being raked in lengthwise of the rows. The asparagus is large enough to begin to cut the third spring after it is sowed, and is cut until the middle of June every year afterwards. As soon as the cutting season is over, the bed is hoed over lightly, so as to loosen the soil, and make the surface even. Every other year, an inch layer of good manure is spread upon each bed before hoeing, which causes the taps to grow to a great size, and mostly seed well. Early in the spring, the dry tops are cut close to the ground, and laid evenly on the beds, and burned there; the beds are then hoed over, and raked again, and are then prepared for a new growth.

EARLY ASPARAGUS.

To obtain early asparagus, the first step is to procure a supply of three year old plants, these being specially adapted to the purpose. Then form a hot bed in the usual manner, in which the plants are to be set, at the distance of two inches. The mode of taking the plants from the hot beds differs from that used for plants raised in the natural way. If a knife is employed, many young plants will be likely to be destroyed or injured, on account of the closeness with which they stand to each other; but the mode in which the least injury is likely to be done is, to thrust the finger down alongside the bud, and break it off at the root. A simple mode of obtaining early asparagus has also been found to be as follows: Have a box made of common pine boards, twelve feet in length and six in breadth—the back board to be about eighteen inches wide, and the front about six. Place the box upon any part of the asparagus bed convenient, about the first of March, and cover it with five sashes, made to fit well into the frame; this gives a surface of seventy-two feet under glass. Surround the box with a little embankment of horse manure; and between the rows of asparagus may be put in a few seeds of radishes and lettuce, which soon appear above the ground and grow finely. The heads of asparagus begin to show themselves in about three weeks, and by the first week in April, shoots will be found long enough for cutting—coming forward more rapidly as the season advances. The advantages claimed for this treatment are, that it saves the transplanting of roots, and the expense and trouble of a regular hot-bed.

CARE OF SEED.

In order to have good seed, select some of the finest and earliest heads as they make their appearance in the spring; tie them to stakes during summer, taking care not to drive the stake through the crown of the plant. In autumn, when the berries are ripe, the seeds may be washed out, if to be sent away; but if to be kept for sowing, they should remain in the berry till they are to be used, the pulp being a great nourishment to the seed, which ought also to be kept in a dry place.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### LIME AS A MANURE.

USE OF LIME.—What I have to record under this head, I will premise by endeavoring to correct two very prevalent errors in regard to *lime as a manure*. First, then, lime, practically speaking, is not of itself manure, yet, at the same time, no soil, other than alluvial, annually flooded, can be certainly fruitful and *permanently productive*, that does not contain a due portion of lime, in some form or other, to be absorbed by the rootlets of plants for the perfection of both straw and grain. I have known some curious blunders and detriment to the progress of liming, by the use of *lime, as a manure, in comparison* with strong putrescent manures; for instance, a shovel full of each was, by a novice, put on the hills of alternate rows of corn. The result of such ill-judged experiment need not be told. Another common error, and one little less fatal to the general use of lime, as an auxiliary innovator, is that it must be applied in quantities so large as to interdict its use by most farmers, who desire support entirely from an exhausted soil. I was a great sufferer under this popular error. I commenced with about forty bushels per acre, and I have occasionally applied sixty, and as much as eighty bushels, on one occasion. Long experience and close observation have satisfied me that lime, in far smaller quantities than is generally supposed, may be applied in various ways and with great advantage. I had good results and lasting benefits from the application of as little as fifteen, and even down to five bushels of fresh burned lime per acre, mixed with three or four times of its bulk of *road* scrapings, and even of virgin soil, dug out of banks on the road sides, spread on grass lands in autumn. Lime thus neutralized by earth forms a most valuable ingredient for making compost; indeed, a single bushel of lime, mixed with ashes, dry earth, &c., to prepare it for sowing by hand, applied to one acre of wheat, and harrowed in with it, on land destitute of lime, will have a very salutary effect in hardening the straw and producing well filled heads.

Considering lime as the only sure foundation to any good system of farming which may be adopted for the renovation of lands exhausted by injudicious culture, I will devote a few lines to that particular subject. First, then, when your land has been well broken up for corn, in the spring of the year, spread on it from 25 to 30 bushels of fresh burned lime, slaked. If you are near enough to kilns to get the *fine* lime, fresh drawn, and can't get it on the land before it slakes, twenty bushels of that sort will be still better than the larger quantity, slaked, but be very careful not to let your lime get wet before it is spread and *harrowed in*. If you are so remote from lime kilns as to be able to haul only one load a day, it will be better to buy fresh burned and best lump lime, because, in that state, it is much lighter, and when water-slaked, will increase from three to four fold. Such lime ought to be put under cover and slaked immediately with strong brine. Lime of the quality described, and treated accordingly, acts very promptly, mechanically as well as chemically—mechanically, in reducing stiff, rigid clay, to a loose and friable texture, and chemically, by neutralizing acids unfriendly to vegetable production, and by combining with loose and light soils, they are rendered more adhesive and retentive of moisture, in other words, lime judiciously applied to stiff land renders it light, while it gives to lands too light a firmer or more compact texture. This dogma, paradoxical as it may appear to many, is fully established by every brick chimney or house in the land. All who build such houses know that time, and sand, with water, are materials used by masons for the formation of mortar, which in a short time become as hard, if not harder, than the bricks. It is also well known that if stiff clay or rich mould were to be used with lime for mortar, instead of sand, that when dry it would moulder away, and become impalpable dust. Now, with these plain truths before us, it is only necessary to apply smaller portions of lime to our lands, according to their texture, and we can have stiff or tight land, as we may choose or will it.

Finally and emphatically, be it remembered, *that if your land is naturally deficient in lime, that deficiency must, in some way or other, be supplied*, or you never can reap the full benefit of manuring your crops. Particularly wheat will be uncertain, in quality as well as in quantity, without lime, however rich your land may be, and in time of drouth, your crops, of all descriptions, may fail entirely; whereas, on judiciously limed land, similar crops, under like circumstances, will escape almost unscathed.

MALAKOFF.

*Suckasunny, N. J., March* 14, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### PLOW LAND IN NORTHERN OHIO.

The proposition that raising crops from plowed land, exclusively, cannot be made profitable on the clay soil of Northern Ohio, is pretty generally understood and acknowledged by farmers here. Few, if any, extensive farmers make the raising of cereals their exclusive, or even their principal business. But all, or nearly all, raise some grain, and the question how to do this best is one of great importance to them. The peculiar character of the seasons here, and the quality of the soil, combine to make the raising of crops a very precarious business. The land consists of an extensive bed of argillaceous formation, intercepted by occasional belts of later deposites on the banks of the streams. These "bottom lands," as they are called, on the banks of rivers and large creeks, afford a soil which is always fertile, and never requires manuring. But the uplands demand copious and frequent dressing, and will not bear a long series of grain crops with any measurable amount of manure. The upland is most productive which lies in the vicinity of a stream of water, and is drained by it of its superabundant water in the rainy part of the season. Many farmers here, not understanding this, have committed an error in selecting farms at a distance from any stream, on account of their higher situation. But experience has taught them that the land on the sloping banks of a creek has a lighter and more productive soil than the flat table land, though situated relatively higher. It is the custom of farmers (or dairymen rather, such the land-owners are chiefly,) to turn over their meadow land as often as once in about five years and raise from three to five crops on it while it is up. This is found to be about as many crops as can be raised to advantage before seeding again to grass. The best way to seed to grass is a subject of much practical importance and has been much discussed and experimented upon. It was until lately very generally supposed that the best way is to sow after wheat, but a custom has just commenced among some farmers here which promises to become almost universal. It is to harrow the oats ground in the fall after the crop has been removed, sow on the grass seed and harrow it in. Will some one who has tried this method for some time, please send us the result of his experience?

P. W. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### PLANTING POTATOES.

As we are now approaching the time for planting potatoes, I take the liberty of suggesting to my brother farmers what I regard as the best mode of planting, in order to ensure a good crop, and also to prevent rot. In the spring of 1857, my neighbor, who was a tanner and engaged in the business, very early in the season prepared his ground and planted his potatoes; he planted them very deep, so much so that I thought the crop could not succeed well on account of deep planting; but, contrary to my expectation, they grew well and yielded well, so that the tanner had from his little patch, potatoes to sell to his neighbors, who had large farms compared with his little lot of land used for that purpose. On the 31st of May, same year, I planted my potatoes near the surface and covered lightly. The crop started well, grew vigorously and promised a good yield until near maturing, when of a sudden a blight came on the leaves of the vines, and at the same time the potatoes began to rot, and I lost the entire crop. I might add that my neighbors' potatoes, when near maturing, though prematurely, the leaves showed, by the blight upon them, as we thought, that the rot had commenced its ravages upon the potatoes, but the sequel proved that our conjectures were not well founded. My observations since that time warrant me to say, that early and deep planting is the best remedy to insure against the potato rot. I will just say to the reader, try the way of planting deep and planting early, as it will cost no more than planting any other way.

C. K.

*Luzerne County, Pa., 1861.*

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### PEAS, ETC., DEEP PLANTING.

The propriety of planting peas and other garden and field seed deep, will appear to any person who will try the experiment of planting near together some shallow and some deep. I formerly planted my peas, according to common custom, from one to three inches deep. The consequence of this shallow planting was, that, after bearing a short time, the plants would die or partially dry and cease to bear. I have now changed my method of planting. The ground for peas should be enriched with well rotted manure. A furrow should be made with a plow from six inches to one foot deep, and the peas planted in it and covered with the plow, so as to elevate the ground over the peas above the surrounding surface, that water may not stand on and harden it. Peas and beans when planted to this depth will remain vigorous and continue to bear throughout the season. If planted early, while the earth is yet wet and cold, six inches will be deep enough. Those farmers who are in the habit of planting corn shallow, will find a great gain by planting about six inches deep. It should be done by furrowing and covering with a plow.

S.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

### HUBBARD SQUASH.

The Hubbard Squash is decidedly the best winter squash cultivated. It is of good size, of a greenish yellow color, easily raised, very rich, dry and mealy, long keepers, frequently keeping good till May. May be planted any time till the first of June. This squash baked comes the nearest to the sweet potato of any I know of.

S. B. N.

*Pontiac, Mich., 1861.*

TO IDENTIFY STOLEN FRUIT.—While the fruit—peach, nectarine, or apricot—is yet in a green state, affix an adhesive label, your initial or any other private mark, to that side exposed to the sun. The ripe fruit thus labelled will carry its unobliterated green stamp into the market. This simple operation, if it should fail to preserve the fruit, will, unless it shall have been subjected to any coloring process, at least enable the owner to identify it.

## ETIQUETTE.

### USAGES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

FRENCH LEAVE.

If you desire to withdraw before the party breaks up, take "French leave"—that is, go quietly out without disturbing any one, and without saluting even the mistress of the house, unless you can do so without attracting attention. The contrary course would interrupt the rest of the company, and call for otherwise unnecessary explanations and ceremony. If you are an intimate friend of the family, perhaps it would be more proper to take leave of the lady of the house in private.

DINNER PARTIES AND DINNERS.

Until quite recently, dinners were given in the most agonizing, ceremonious manner. But we are happy to inform all mankind that a little common sense is now used in dispensing the principal meal to hungry mortals. What was thought to be the height of good taste and superlative refinement a few years ago, is now declared vulgar, and the dinners of this day are not such tiresome affairs as those inflicted on our parents. A dinner party in the year 1860 is almost as difficult to describe as the gyrations of a pic-nic, so different are the customs of different people, and so few ceremonies are really necessary. It used to be said that many a man would pass muster in society as a gentleman until he accepted an invitation to dinner. But unless he was perfectly *au fait*, dinner would surely betray him. All this is changed now.

An invitation to dinner is generally given several days beforehand. It may be written or verbal. If you send out notes, they should be brief and unpretending, something like the following:

TUESDAY, Sept. 16th, 1860.

MR. GEORGE JONES requests the pleasure of your company at Dinner, on Friday, the 19th inst., at six o'clock.

W. B. ASTOR, ESQ.

If it is a family dinner party, the note should begin "Mr. and Mrs. George Jones would be happy," &c., and should be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Astor, or to W. B. Astor, Esq., and Mrs. Astor, according as your taste may dictate.

Persons who receive an invitation to dinner should give a prompt answer, either verbally or by note. The note must be brief, as follows:

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17th.

MR. ASTOR accepts with much pleasure Mr. Jones' invitation to dine with him on Friday.

Or, in case you decline—

MR. ASTOR returns thanks for your kind invitation for Friday, but regrets that circumstances will prevent his joining you on that occasion.

GEORGE JONES, ESQ.

Invitations to a family dinner should always be answered to the lady instead of her husband.

Persons who so choose, may at all times decline invitations to dinner without any breach of etiquette. But if they accept, they should be punctual at the hour appointed. The gentleman should be neatly dressed, and wear either a frock or dress coat. The lady should always appear in full dress.

When dinner is announced, the host rises and requests all to walk into the dining-room. He offers his left arm to the lady present who from age or any consideration is entitled to precedence. The hostess will then see that each lady is conducted by a gentleman, and they should enter the dining-room under her direction, the married people preceding the single ones. Should you have to go down stairs to the dining-room, always give the lady the wall, and when you arrive at the table seat yourself on her right side.

The lady hostess seats herself at the head of the table, and the host himself at the foot. The two most distinguished gentlemen of the party are seated next to the hostess, and the two ladies of greatest consideration sit next the host. If the dinner is given in honor of any gentleman, he sits at the right of the hostess. In placing the party at table, always separate husband and wife, and members of the same family, as they are supposed to enjoy enough of each other's society at home. Mix up the gentlemen and ladies as much as possible.

Help ladies with a due appreciation of their delicacy, moderation, and fastidiousness of their appetites; and do not overload the plate of any person you serve. Never pour gravy on a plate without permission. It spoils the meat for some persons.

Do not insist upon your guests partaking of particular dishes; never ask persons more than once, and never put anything by force upon their plates. It is extremely ill-bred, though extremely common, to press one to eat of anything.

Soup is always served first, and then fish; and it is considered vulgar to take either of them twice. The reason for not being helped a second time at a large dinner party is, because by doing so you keep three parts of the company staring at you while waiting for the second course, much to the annoyance of the mistress of the house. At a family dinner it is of less importance, and may be done now-a-days without a breach of good manners. Fish is always helped with a silver or plated fish-slice, and when you have it on your plate you should use your fork only in eating it. The application of a knife to fish is likely to destroy the delicacy of its flavor; besides which, fish sauces are often acidulated; acids corrode steel, and draw from it a disagreeable taste. In the North, where lemon or vinegar is very generally used for salmon and many other kinds of fish, the objection becomes more apparent.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

BY KATE CAMERON.

From the shining strand of childhood,
Ships went sailing, long ago,
Laden with the richest treasures
Which my heart can ever know.
Thoughts as pure as morning dew-drops,
Fancies like the rainbow gay,
Dreams as sweet as fairy music,
Hopes as blithe as birds of May;
But, though I have long been searching,
Youth's lost treasures ne'er are found;
And I send forth other ventures,
But they are all outward bound.

Outward bound, across the ocean,
Which so many leagues is spread;
Not a ripple on the water,
Marks the track on which they sped.
Vainly watch I for their coming,
Vainly scan the swelling main,
And I fear those fairy vessels
Will not greet my gaze again.
When I call there is no answer,
Echo only mocks the sound,
Not a sail in the horizon—
For they all were outward bound.

None come back with golden cargoes,
None with tropic fruits appear,
From the islands where Life's noon-tide
Makes a summer all the year.
Soon the shades of night will gather,
Soon Life's sky be overcast,
And then, looking to the Future,
I shall half forget the Past.
When my bark shall leave its moorings,
When I, too, am outward bound,
In Eternity's calm Heaven
My lost treasures shall be found!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DIPTHERIA.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Perhaps you may be willing to publish a very plain and practical article about diptheria, the disease now prevalent both in the country and in Boston. I shall not stop to give a literal definition of the word, nor to tell the history of the disease. Let me say at the outset, that it is *epidemic* and *not contagious;* that is, it travels slowly in the air, and any person breathing the air of a neighborhood in which it has appeared is liable to an attack, be he young or old, healthy or invalid; whether he lives in a gravel house or in a damp valley, *provided he has a predisposition to take it.* Whether he has this predisposition or not, time alone can determine. No one can predict of another that he will be attacked. We understand nothing of the laws of this epidemic. It undoubtedly has fixed and determined laws, and we may yet know what they are. It is *not* contagious. That is, one person in a family having the disease, the remaining members are not in more danger of taking it. If you watch your sick neighbor, you are scarcely in more danger than you are in every breath you draw in the street. Therefore, refuse not to visit and help the sick in any way. In the country, I have known the owner of a horse refuse to allow the animal to go to the funeral of a neighbor, lest the beast should bring the disease home.

When diptheria attacks a neighborhood, it sometimes slays one or two persons, then stops, and every one says "its gone;" but soon it returns and demands new victims. Ask a friend to step toward the light with you, and open his mouth widely. Toward the back of the mouth you see a little piece of flesh dangling down from the middle of a thin fleshy curtain that stretches to the teeth on both sides. The little dangling piece is the uvula, the thin curtain is the soft palate. Just beyond the palate you see two rounded bodies of flesh, one on each side. These are the tonsils. Besides these you see the back of the throat. Now for a description of diptheria.

FIRST CASE.—A person complains of being cold and shivering. Next his head aches violently; he vemits; is continually sick at the stomach; his throat his sore, hurts him a little to swallow; is hawking to get up some, thick, stringy mucus that plagues him. Perhaps he was faint before he vomited. Look in his throat. You see the little dangling uvula is swollen, dark red in color, and long. The thin fleshy curtain is dark red, sprinkled with bright red spots. The tonsils are greatly swollen. They are dark red, almost purple, and upon them large dirty white spots. It is diptheria of a malignant kind, and the person will probably die very speedily.

SECOND CASE.—A person mentions, accidentally, that his throat is sore; he has been a little cold, his head ached a little, but he is better now. Look in his throat. The uvula is a little inflamed; the palate red, not purple; the tonsils not much, if at all swollen, but upon them a cap of dirty white, or a few scattered spots of the same. It is diptheria, and under good treatment the patient will probably get well, if a grown up person of naturally good health. If a child, there is much danger that the white membrane will grow thicker and spread to the nostrils and windpipe, and stop the breath.

THIRD CASE.—A person says his throat tickles; he coughs; his head aches; he vomits; is faint; takes no food; his throat is sore. Look in it. His whole throat is as raw as a bit of beefsteak, yet you can see no white patches. It is diphtheric sore throat, and will get well, passing off through the nose, like a common cold. Old people are not apt to have diphtheria severely. The best treatment is to pound half a handful of chlorate of potash finely; put this into a pint of cold water; as much as dissolve as will; gargle the throat every hour with the water, and occasionally swallow some. Bits of ice held in the mouth are very grateful, and melt rapidly in the hot mouth, and help put out the fire therein. Dissolve plenty of common salt in a bowl of cold water; wring out a long strip of flannel in it; wind it round the neck; then wind round one or two warm comforters, and let the throat sweat. If this is unpleasant, apply volatile liniment on a flannel. A small dose of medicine is not bad.

Be in no haste to give beef tea and wine until the fever falls a little. Blanc mange and milk, made cold on ice, slips easily over the sore throat, and is nutritious. At all times, when diptheria is feared, obtain the service of the best physician within your reach, and obey his directions. Let him examine the throat as often as convenient during the time of danger.—*Correspondence Boston Transcript.*

## THE FIREMEN OF NEW YORK.

[FROM DICKENS' "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"]

The firemen of America are all volunteers. It is the law of the land that every citizen at a certain age, must come and serve for a certain specified duration of time, as either a militiaman or a volunteer. Now, as I believe, the militiaman's term of service lasts five years, and a fireman's only three, you may easily imagine, among an itinerant and feverish democratic youth, which is preferred.

Besides, there are many other reasons which I have no doubt contribute to make the fireman's service in America more popular than the militiaman's. In the first place, the former service, though vexatiously frequent in its calls upon its members, is not so restrained and monotonous as that of the militiaman's; and the Americans, as self-conscious freemen, are very jealous of even the smallest and least galling restraint. Secondly, the dress is not so much of the character of a livery—which a true American always detests as a badge of serfdom: it is more loose, careless and picturesque. Thirdly, the work is at night, when shops are shut and the counting-houses closed; lastly the service is one of stirring danger, and full of that passionate excitement that the American, whose Anglo-Saxon blood the suns of a new continent have long since fired to almost the volcanic warmth of the Indian he displaced, loves and must have. * * *

But after all it is at night-time that the fireman is really himself and means something. He lays down the worn-out pen and shuts up the red-lined ledger. He hurries home from Lime street, slips on his red shirt and black dress trousers, dons his solid japaned leather helmet, bound with brass, and hurries to the guard-room or the station, if he be on duty.

A NEW YORK FIRE.

A gleam of red, just a blush in the sky eastward—William street way—among the warehouses; and presently the telegraph begins to work. For every fire-station has its telegraph, and every street has its line of wires, like metallic washing lines. Jig, jig, tat-tat, goes the indicator.

"Fire in William street, No. 3, Messrs. Hardcastle & Co."

Presently the enormous bell, slung for the purpose in a wooden shed in the City Park, just at the end of Broadway, begins to swing and roll backward.

In dash the volunteers in their red shirts and helmet—from oyster cellars and half-finished clam soup, from newly-begun games of billiards, from the theatre, from Bourcicault, from Booth, from the mad drollery of the Christy Minstrels, from stiff quadrille parties, from gin-slings, from bar-rooms, from sulphurous pistol galleries, from studios, from dissecting rooms, from half-shuttered shops, from conversaziones and lectures—from every where—north, south, east and west—breathless, hot, eager, daring, shouting, mad.

Open fly the folding doors, out glides the new engine—the special pride of the company—the engine whose excellence many lives have been lost to maintain; "a rêglar high-bred little stepper" as ever smith's hammer forged. It shines like a new set of cutlery, and is as light as a "spider-wagon" or a trotting-gig. It is not the great Juggernaut car of our Sun and Phœnix offices—the enormous house on wheels made as if purposely cumbrous and eternal—but it is a mere light musical snuff-box of steel rods and brass supports, with axes and coils of leather, brass-socketed tubing fastened beneath and all ready for instant and alert use.

A SCENE.

Now the supernumeraries—the haulers and draggers, who lend a hand at the ropes—pour in from the neighboring dram shops or low dancing rooms, where they remain waiting to earn some dimes by such casualties. A shout—a tiger;

"Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!" (crescendo,) and out at lightning speed dashes the engine, in the direction of the red gleam now widening and sending up the fan-like radiance of a volcano.

Perhaps it is a steam fire engine. These are entire successes, and will soon be universal among a people quick to grasp onward at all that is new, if it be but better than the old.—Then the fires are lighted, and breathing out ardent smoke, and spitting out trails of fiery cinders; off it dashes.

Now, a roar and crackle, as the quick-tongued flames leap out, red and eager, or lick the black blistered beams—now, hot belches of smoke from shivering windows—now, snaps and smashes of red-hot beams, as the floors fall in—now, down burning stairs, like frightened martyrs running from the stake, rush poor women and children in white trailing night-gowns—now, the mob, like a great exultant many-headed monster, shouts with delight and sympathy—now, race up the fire engines, the men defying each other in rivalry, as they plant the ladders and fire-escapes. The fire-trumpets roar out stentorian orders—the red shirts fall into line—rock, rock, go the steel bars that force up the water—up leap the men with hooks and axes, crash, crash, lop, chop, go the axes at the partitions, where the fire smoulders. Now, spirt up in fluid arches the blue white jets of water, that hiss and splash and blacken out the spasms of fire; and as every new engine dashes up the thousands of upturned faces turn to some new shade of reflected crimson, and the half-broken beams give way at the thunder of their cheers.

THE VICTIM OF THE FIRE.

The fire lowers, and is all but subdued, though still every now and then a floor gives way with an earthquake crash, and into the still lurid dark air rises a storm of sparks like a hurricane of fire-flies. But suddenly there is a crowding together and whispering of helmeted heads. Brave Seth Johnson is missing; all the hook men and axe men are back but him; all the pumpers are there, and all the loafers are here. He alone is missing.

Caleb Fisher saw him last, shouts the captain to the eager red faces; he was then breaking a third floor back with his axe. He thinks he is under the last wall that fell. Is there a lad there who will not risk his life for Seth? No! or he would be no American, I dare swear.

Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!

Up they tear through choking smoke, sparks, and still dangerous fire, over bridges of half-burnt beams, half-brittle charcoal. They reach the tomb of smoking bricks, they dig as if the life of each were depending on it—hooks, axes, bleeding hands, everything but teeth.

Hei! hei!! hei!!! hei!!!!

Click-sough go the shovels, chick-chick the pick-axes. A shout, a scream of

"Seth!"

He is there, pale and silent, with heaving chest, his breast-bone smashed in, a cold dew oozing from his forehead. Now they bear him to the roaring multitude, their eyes watering with the suffocating gusts of smoke. They lay him pale, in his red shirt, amid the hushed noiseless men in the bruised and scorched helmets. The grave doctor breaks through the crowd. He stoops and feels Seth's pulse. All eyes turn to him. He shakes his head and makes no other answer. Then the young men take off their helmets and bear home Seth, and some weep, because of his betrothed, and the young men think of her.

Such are the scenes that occur nightly in New York. The special disgrace of the city is the incessant occurrence of incendiary fires. Yet accidental fires are exceedingly numerous, for wood is still (even in New York) the predominant building material, in consequence of the extraordinary cheapness of wood fit for building. The roofs, too, are generally of tin, and not tile or slate, and this burns through very quickly. Moreover, the universal stove (derived from the Dutch, I suppose) occasions a great use of the flue pipes, and these are buried among wood, and are, even when imbedded in stone, dangerous.

## A SHAKER VILLEGE.

[A correspondent writing from Concord N. H. sends the following interesting account of the Canterbury Shakers:]

Twelve miles from Concord, in the township of Canterbury, is situated the Shakers' village. These peculiar people have here a settlement of about three hundred persons; their buildings are painted buff, and are large and commodious. They reside in what they term "families," each numbering from fifty to a hundred souls. The lower family is called the church family, from the fact of the church being there situated. Then there are the centre family and the north family. In winter they have no public worship, but the members of each family have devotions in their respective houses. Their farms consist of some four thousand acres, in a high state of cultivation, while their outbuildings are not equalled by those of any farms in the world. One barn we entered was two hundred feet in length, with cellar underneath for manure. Each cow had its name placed in a conspicuous position. The barn and stable was so clean that a lady with the finest silk dress would not be in the least soiled. The house we were in was painted yellow, furniture and all, and oil-cloth took the place of carpet on the floor.

The men wear blue cloth coats, claret colored pants, and drab vests, the latter garment coming down almost to their knees. The women are dressed in white caps, with their hair pushed back from their foreheads, dark dresses fitting closely to their persons, with high white collars coming up to their chins. The groups presented quite an unique appearance. They are most excellent livers—the dinner we sat down to would beat a good many served up in New York. They have a very good, though somewhat singular rule posted up, which many families might profit from, viz; "nothing must be left on the plate." They hold their property in common, each one having a share in it. Celibacy is strictly adhered to as the means of living a pure life; indeed, so strict are they, that a man and wife stopping there over night are obliged to sleep in different apartments. Frederika Bremer, on her visit to America, paid these people a visit, and was had the pleasure of reading some of her writing, which she had inscribed on the blank leaf of one of her works, which she dedicated to the Shakers.

## AN ENGLISH LAVENDER FIELD

We take from Mr. Piessi's latest volume, the following fragment of verbiage, descriptive of a sight that may be seen at midsummertide in the bonny Herefordshire meadows:—

There is one sight in old England that I love beyond measure, and that is a lavender field; it pleases from its intrinsic beauty. The lovely color of its flowers all the silk-dyers are trying to match, but cannot exactly hit on the shade. Then its fragrance! ha! how inimitable, as the sprays wave with the breeze! It pleases a patriotic Englishman, simply because it cannot be matched "in all the world," and he is proud of it accordingly. In this little island, no less than about 270 acres of its precious land is devoted to lavender farming. Each acre yields say 6200 pounds of flowers. Every hundred pounds of flowers will give up by distillation about one pound of the otto of lavender; and thus we learn that there is an average production of 7000 pounds of lavender otto annually. It requires six ounces of this to make a gallon of lavender water, so that Britannia and her children—you know their names, Jamaica, Canada, Australia—together with a few visiters, America, Germany and Russia, use, and take home with them the enormous quantity of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit. The lavender farms in England are situated at Mitcham, in Surrey, and at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. At Mr. Perk's farm, of the latter place, the lavender, when in blossom, is resorted to by all the bees for miles around. The sound of their hum in such vast numbers is quite enchanting; nor do the butterflies neglect to visit so luxurions a feast, the taste of which appears to be particularly grateful to them. The bees' love for the lavender is so excessive, that, at the harvest time, as the sprays fall before the sickle and are tied up into sheaves, they will follow it, even at a sacrifice of life, into the boiling still! Dear reader, should you feel inclined to leave the din and smoke of your native city for a peep at the lavender farm, go when July is old or August is young, and see Mr. Perks' farm; he will greet you merrily, and his gude wife will give you a hearty welcome.

## HOW THE WORLD IS GOVERNED.

There are about one hundred separately organized governments in the world at the present time. Nearly one half are monarchies in Europe; and of these a large proportion are petty principalities and dukedoms, containing altogether about six millions of inhabitants. Of the governments of Europe,